THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

Volume XV | New York, Wednesday, December 2, 1931 | Number 5

EDITORIAL BOARD

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL

CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

New Year Resolutions 113
Week by Week 115
The Report on Education 117
Catholics and the Constitution ..... J. Elliot Ross 119
The Feast of Silence (*verse*) ... Sister Thomas Aquinas 121
Mr. Murray of Oklahoma: II ..... J. B. Dudek 122
Many Waters (*verse*) ..... Anne Young 124
Putting Things in Order ..... Michael Williams 125
Among the Pigmies ..... Paul Schebasta 127
Dublin Days ..... Padraic Colum 129
Communications 130
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 134
Books ..... Richard J. Purcell, Maxim Lieber, Lloyd W. Eshleman, Edwin Clark Kilian J. Hennrich 136

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Readers' Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*.
Published weekly and copyrighted 1931, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

SURROUNDING the Pope, one thousand, six hundred and fifty bishops and three hundred thousand priests, five hundred thousand nuns and brothers, and something more than three hundred million lay men, women and children throughout the world last Sunday offered or helped to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass, on the first Sunday of the Church's year, the beginning of the season of Advent. This is that mystical year which goes its own way, not regardless of the secular year, but underlying it, supporting and impregnating it with a purpose that explains all its confusions and discords. The spiritual year which marks time by the Sun of Justice, and which to those who can hear brings the music of chimes regulated by a clock that tells the hours of eternity. The year which is divided into seasons of grace and benediction. The year of which each cycle represents and celebrates the principal events in the life of Christ, the founder and sustainer of the Church. The year which is an ever-recurring plan (as it has been for almost two thousand years and will be till the end of time) presenting a method of holiness which (says the master liturgist, Dom Lefebvre) has for its aim the assimilation of individual souls to Christ. Each part of the plan has its particular meaning, its special opportunity. Advent is the time of preparation. The Church remembers, and would have her children reflect upon, the mental atmosphere which surrounded the chosen people of God under the Old Law which was abrogated at the Incarnation. We are to think of a world from which Christ and His Church are absent. The hymns, psalms, antiphons and collects remind us of the misery of mankind since the Fall and before the coming of the Redeemer. The priests are robed in purple. The exultant "Gloria in Excelsis" is omitted. Penance is preached. The Gospel tells the awful story of the coming of judgment day.

Will it be easier for us to enter into the spirit of Advent this year? Shall we find new meaning in what Paul tells us in the Epistle, that it is now the hour for us to rise from sleep? And in the words of the Gospel? For surely there are signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth there is distress of nations, and men are withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world. There are wars and—more than rumors—there are deadly fears of war. Men, women and children numbering many millions are begging for bread, and shelter, and peace, and security; and winter comes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is a voice, uttering this fear, speaking from a place outside the full teaching of the Advent liturgy as those within the Church accept it, yet a voice to which we should listen, because it comes from one among those Christians separated from the parent vine, yet still remembering, and laboring to accomplish, a great part of the Christian mission. We quote from the *Yale Divinity News,* in which Professor Kenneth S. Latourette says: "Any honest facing of the world must recognize the possibility of the collapse within the near future of civilization as we know it. We are living in a shaken world which may disintegrate within the next few years or even months. Earnestly as we may give ourselves to the organizations and movements which seem to us to offer a way out of the world's misery, we cannot escape the haunting fear that they may all prove futile. The world may well be on the verge of new dark ages, more widespread and more devastating than the period of European history which bears that title. The possibility is always with us, for civilization seems to be a race between the forces of destruction and the forces of integration. Seldom, however, has all mankind been brought so close to the abyss as it is now. What then should be the attitude of Christians in a day like ours? First of all, we can and must keep giving ourselves to the agencies by which we believe that escape—if it comes at all—is to be achieved. If civilization is to disintegrate, we can at least be found fighting undaunted to the last. To the task of saving the world from collapse we must bring all the intelligence, all the knowledge, and all the disinterestedness which we can command."

Surely they must. And surely all Catholic Christians must do likewise, and must also work with their separated brethren, and with all men and women of goodwill in facing the common task of charity and justice. But Catholics must do more. They must go deeper than those organizations and agencies that stop short of coinciding with the full teaching of the Church. For the Church must lead, not merely coöperate. The great deep wells of power made possible by prayer and sacrifice and devotion are filling up, in this the spring of the new year of the Church, this Advent. All the priests of the Faith, from the great high priest in Rome to the last and least parish priest or curate or humble missionary and simple convent chaplain, began their Mass last Sunday with the Introit prayer: "In Thee O my God I put my trust!" And in the first Collect, they prayed again, "Stir up we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy power, and come!" And then the Epistle: "The night is passed, and the day is at hand . . . let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day: not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and impurities, not in contention and envy. . . ."

So they prayed. And so did the princes and princesses of the conquering kingdom of prayer, the contemplatives: the Carmelites, Poor Clares, Carthusians, Cistercians, Society of the Sacred Heart and many other orders and congregations of monks and nuns vowed to the cloistered life; together with unnumbered thousands of others not cloistered yet nevertheless doing the highest of all works, that of contemplative prayer. In the midst of other tasks, in the monasteries and convents, in the schools and churches and asylums, and in shops, and offices, and homes, amidst all the toil and distractions of the world, the prayer of power ascends. And with the mystics labor multitudes of self-sacrificing men and women, in a vast phalanx of interlocking sodalities and fraternities and guilds and associations and clubs and societies in all the lands under the sun, beginning the new year of the Church with the bishops and priests, the nuns and the monks and the friars, with the Holy Father at their head, all lifting up their hearts and their hands to Our Father in heaven. All are filled with the same spirit. They are gathering and dispensing alms. They are working for boys and girls. They are caring for the sick. They find homes for the homeless. Others are studying to know more about their faith, and how to spread the helping and saving effects of the Faith. Some have very special tasks. A small but splendid band who are facing almost dreadful odds (but they do not dread them) strive to lead Catholics back to the almost forgotten life of the country, to the farms; and they may yet be written down in the history of the future as they who saved our threatened civilization. For them the Communion prayer of this first Sunday in Advent contains a great promise: "The Lord shall give goodness: and our earth shall yield her fruit."

There are others who face the same dreadful odds which confront all who today try to bring our disordered industrial society back to the true standards of justice and charity. There are others again who toil that there may be peace among the nations. And their work, together with the work of so many other groups, is not only led and directed by their bishops and priests, inspired by the Pope, and is not only stimulated, guided and made warm by the streams of life-giving prayer pouring forth from the temples of sanctity, but also it is being solidly and reasonably bound together in one consistent, well-knit plan of Catholic Action by the growing number of those philosophers and theologians who today are explaining and expounding the teaching of the Church concerning the Mystical Body of Christ —which is His Church. And which is the Body built up by all of us—Pope and bishop, and priest and nun and monk and friar, and brother and layman and lay woman, and children—by saints and sinners, genius or dullard, rich and poor, master and man, German and French, Chinese and Japanese, capitalist and laborer, of all races, of all nations, all tribes, by all sorts and conditions of mankind, for all are of the Body or the Soul of the Church, and the Soul cannot be separated from the Body.

And for all, whether inside or outside the Church, the Advent liturgy brings that hope, that joy, which ring like the silver trumpets of St. Peter's at Rome

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

above the desolation of mournful memories of the time before Christ came, and the remembrance of the misery of the present time, and the awful shadow of the judgment that is to come—for the central teaching of the Advent liturgy is that Christ is the center of the whole of the history of the world: "It is with the expectation of His coming with grace that it begins, and with the realization of His coming with glory that it ends. And the aim of the liturgy is that every generation of Christians shall play its part in the Divine scheme." Our part is plain before us. No deadening of our energies in depression for us! And no false and facile, merely silly, optimism for us; but still less, no poisonous pessimism. The new year of the Church begins. The Body of the Church stirs and gathers its force. It is an army, and the order of the day is: Work and pray; pray, but work.

WEEK BY WEEK

YOUTHFUL Signor Grandi's visit to the White House resulted in nothing unusual. All the customary things were accomplished, of course, with dignified despatch—excepting the telephone conversation with Rome, which unkindly static ruined to all intents and purposes. But any attempt to find out what the Foreign Minister actually said, or what (if anything) he accomplished, has been frustrated. The contemporary invisible government has likewise grown quite inaudible. It is assumed, and on fairly expert authority, that both the United States and Italy will join efforts to advertise the virtues of disarmament. Signor Grandi and his chief have grown quite pacifistic of late; and in all probability history will show that the projected revival of Rome never seriously envisaged the rebirth of Caesar's legions. Beyond that there is the current unpleasant matter of the depression, and doubtless the conversation will eventually lead to some further talk of the influence of Republican tariff policy on Italian trade. Whether or not the reputedly invaluable "personal contact" between statesmen will turn out to mean something in particular remains to be seen. Such visits as those of M. Laval and S. Grandi are, of course, long-distance substitutes for the "contacts" supplied during recent years by the more informal approaches to the League of Nations assembly-hall. Since Mahomet will not go to the Mountain, the Mountain must perforce journey to Mahomet.

Italy's Friendly Call

ENGLAND, traditional keep of free trade, has fallen. This metaphor is as matter of fact confusing, because the abandonment of free trade and the adoption of protective tariffs is more in the nature of building walls than of casting them over. The academic defenders of free trade will no doubt still cling to their mathematically perfect theories, and find in this last defection only another proof of the misanthrope's pet belief that there are more fools in the world than chaps like himself. This is not to deny that free trade is a beautiful ideal and, under certain circumstances, most practical. Like pacifism, however, it leaves out of its mathematical formulas, inescapable human limitations. Free trade presupposes an organic and efficient world commerce that would require for the carrying out of all its details either a world-embracing economic despotism or a utopianly perfect economic league of nations. The same human limitations that affect political despotism and leagues, affect the economic. Certain limited empires such as McCormick farm machinery, Royal Dutch petroleum, the old German dye trusts and the English rubber monopoly, attain high-water marks of world trade, but like all empires they are subject to mutations of personalities and circumstances that can plunge them into declines as grandiose as their rises. The lonely individual man is the limitation of all these schemes, and visions of autonomic human organizations which have presupposed individual men as simply cells of a vast whole, seem to forget that all cellular bodies follow the inevitable rhythms of life and death. The adrenalin injected into some economic organisms by the war, gave them a short fierce glow of life, and also hastened their breakdown. The confusion of tongues about Babel was a trifle compared to the recent confusion of selling agencies all seeking world trade. In the midst of this economic chaos, tariff walls are like baronial castles for the preservation of local units of order.

Tariff Feudalism

SAMPLES of what to expect in a month or so have been supplied by diverse senators and congressmen. No doubt the most luscious morsel to date is Mr. Hiram Johnson's communication to the Chicago press. Averring that "I do not choose to run" had cast ineffable glory on the Coolidge name, the senator added: "If Mr. Hoover were to make a like decision, he would have the undying gratitude of the rank and file of the Republican party." There is a certain amount of truth in the announcement. The political weaknesses of the President have obviously been silhouetted sharply against the prevailing bleak social and economic background. Nevertheless one is pretty sure that however many Americans may concur in this opinion, there are virtually none to favor Mr. Johnson as a possible successor. It requires a relatively huge supply of plain gall to strike a man when he is down, particularly when one has personally never been up. The Senator from California came into his own by saving America two years after Bob LaFollette had risked death for it. Since that glorious moment his significance as a national figure has been an absolute zero. Intrinsically, of course, we do not oppose the emergence of so out-and-out a nationalist. This strain of sentiment keeps more valuable but often effervescent sentiments from bubbling out of the glass. What we can't quite fathom is a nationalist whose respect for

Listen to the Mocking Bird

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the office of the President is of such frail texture that it cannot, seemingly, offer any resistance to his own tactlessness and braggadocio.

Radicals at Scottsboro

NINE young Negroes were recently condemned—eight of them to death and one, a fourteen-year-old minor, to life imprisonment—on the charge of assault, in Scottsboro, Alabama. The case has received a good deal of publicity, both before the trial and since the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has announced that it will appeal to the Alabama Supreme Court. Briefly, the nine condemned were part of a colored group who boarded a freight car already containing several white men and two white girls. A fight ensued in which the white men were forced to leave the train. On their complaint the remaining Negroes—most of them had already got off—were taken in charge further down the line. The interested public has taken sides so far mainly along the lines of the old quarrel about race discrimination. Some have felt that the Negroes were palpably framed; they point to the alleged loose character of the two young women, to the admitted fact that one of the Negroes saved one of the white men from being dragged to death in the scuffle, to the further fact that the one alleged witness of the outrage was put on by the prosecution only in rebuttal, to the various delays and discrepancies in the testimony, and to the charges of beating and intimidation later made by the Negroes. Others have cited the circumstance of the Negroes' receiving a legal trial, under militia protection, in the heart of the deep South as evidence of the community's good faith in the matter, and sufficient presumption that justice has been done. We ourselves do not profess to know. We feel a strong enough hesitation about agreeing to the theory of the Negroes' guilt, in the particular circumstances that have come to light, and an unhesitating enough reprobation of the severity of the penalty imposed, to be glad that an appeal will be made, and that a good many responsible Southerners are taking the same stand. But we advert to the matter here for the sake of noting certain complications, much less generally realized, which are summarized in *Harper's* by Mr. Walter White, secretary of the Advancement Association.

MR. WHITE'S plea is not, as it happens, mainly for the prisoners. It is a thoughtful, reasoned, earnest prayer for general justice toward, and an imaginative appreciation of the present really dire plight of, the body of his people. The connection with the Scottsboro trials is startlingly concrete. For it appears that, from the first day the charges were made, the International Labor Defense has been on the job. It is known that part of the agenda of the Third International is the exploitation of Negro discontent in this country, but that does not prepare one for the thoroughness with which radical American agencies seized upon the Alabama cases, as Mr. White tells the story. Their effort, of course, was to wean the body of ignorant Negro opinion from the balance and temperate control represented by the Advancement Association. They tried to buy off the association's defense lawyer, failing which they launched a campaign of calumny against him; they wrote, stumped, carried the prisoners' relatives up and down on tours of appeal against what they called a "capitalist-engineered" murder. Their very frenzy seems gradually to have aroused a good deal of suspicion, for the colored people possess their own sound instincts of equilibrium, and they feel, besides, enough of the association's importance to their corporate existence not to be easily alienated from it. But the whole episode illuminates the wisdom of Mr. White's point of view. "The Negro is not turning Red just yet," he says in summary—but could he be blamed, ignorant, helpless, often hopeless, if he were? At the best of times he feels the pressure of discrimination and injustice. His lot now, when insecurity and misery take their toll of even privileged workers, is often frightful. There is no suggestion of a threat in Mr. White's presentation; his attitude, as that of the colored editors whom he quotes, is one of realism and sanity. But it would be the gravest folly not to recognize the danger of a large number of potentially disaffected people in our midst, if busy agencies of mischief are already in the field. Legitimate selfishness, if not a just compassion, should direct our present and particular attention to this problem.

A Crimson Shrine

AN INTERESTING example of the decoration of a church interior which is a completely integrated whole is afforded by the Chapel of the Precious Blood Monastery in Brooklyn, New York, to be dedicated December 8 by Bishop Molloy. In Europe there are a number of instances where small churches are richly and completely decorated with an organic unity of architecture, stained glass and frescoes that are (simply as a point of difference which has no bearing on whether one is liturgically or artistically better than the other) at the opposite pole from the more usual bare stone interiors with their devotional decorations in stone, or in casual and subdued colors. In the Chapel of the Precious Blood, not only is there a complete harmony in the design of the interior, but also in the colors. Figuratively it may be said to be a symphony of colors in which all the other primary hues are keyed and subordinated to the main theme of the crimson of the blood that was shed for the salvation of mankind. This was artistically, as well as devotionally, in the nature of a difficult problem. Red is not an easy color to handle, and the fixing of contemplation on the realities of Christ's passion for the remission of sin, demands a devotional hardihood which is not common in any age, to say the least. It is our opinion that the problem has been laudably met both by the artist, Rudolf Schmalzl, of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Munich, and by Father Joseph E. Stedman, pastor, who has conceived and directed the work. The mystical contribution of the cloistered Sisters Adorers of the Precious Blood is beyond our estimate or eulogy.

ON THE walls of the sanctuary are pictured the Crucifixion and the seven scenes where Jesus shed His blood, namely, the Circumcision, the Agony in the Garden, the Scourging at the Pillar, the Crowning with Thorns, the Carrying of the Cross, the Nailing to the Cross, and the Piercing of the Side and Heart of Jesus. In the sanctuary ceiling we see the Eternal Father, with arms outstretched to receive His Beloved Son and humankind whom He by His Passion redeemed. On the walls of that part of the church where the congregation sits, are depicted, on one side, instances of suffering cheerfully borne every day, the never-ending troop of those who bear heavy burdens and who are sick and lame, who are yet able to pick up their crosses and follow Christ: and on the other side, the same troop entering into their everlasting reward. Further details that are too many to be gone into here, all have a pictorial or symbolical significance and are part of the total plan. The execution is of a sort that is really outside the scope of the art for art's sake criterions that shift with time, place and personal taste in a fairly complete orbit. It is simple, purposeful with a high and inspiring purpose, and we confidently believe that will be most effective. The lighting, instead of being by chandeliers, is by units which are incorporated in the ceiling and walls.

HOW TO accomplish great things in spite of difficulties is an art which the firm of Herder and Company, Freiburg, Germany, exemplifies in a rare degree. Flouting the disasters of the time and the discouragement everywhere manifest (nowhere more than in intellectual circles), these valiant publishers have undertaken the issue of an encyclopedia which in many ways sets a standard for such works, and which is certainly without a peer in the history of Catholic book-making. "Der Grosse Herder" will comprise twelve volumes and one atlas. The entire domain of human knowledge is described in articles marked by brevity and competence; the illustrative material is remarkably good; and the impartial tone in which controversial subjects are treated, with no sacrifice of Catholic principle, is always in keeping with the best traditions. But this comment is not intended to be a review of the work, which will be examined at length in a future issue of THE COMMONWEAL. Just now we are interested in paying our respects to Dr. Hermann Herder, the man responsible for the deed. The compliment he really deserves, however, is this—an active interest on the part of those Catholics in the United States who are in a position to purchase such an encyclopedia, either for their own use or for the benefit of libraries.

Effort and Success

THE REPORT ON EDUCATION

ONE OF Mr. Hoover's first acts was to appoint a National Advisory Committee on Education. This has now concluded its hearings and submitted a report, divided into two parts, the first of which is in turn halved. The problems taken under consideration are exceedingly diversified and complex, but some of them at least are of vital concern to public opinion as a whole. It would be futile to deny either that the federal government has a large amount of influence on the school system generally, or that much depends upon how that influence is used and developed. In what follows we shall try to deal dispassionately with the chief issues and to set them forth clearly.

The committee itself singled out four such issues. What obligation toward the schools is incurred by the federal government? Does this imply delegating to that government, as to the several states, "any basic and final political control" over the educational process in whole or in part? Can and ought federal tax money be used to aid the states in scholastic endeavor? What could a national bureau of research and information do to "stimulate and improve" education throughout the nation? Naturally these questions could not be answered off-hand, as it were. It was necessary to reach agreement on a body of principle from which practical inference could then be drawn.

This quest of principle was, perhaps, the most interesting work done by the committee. Reviewing the history of the problem and citing two anti-traditional acts—the Morrill Act of 1862 and the Smith-Hughes Act of 1917—the committee concluded that both tended, in contrast with the record up to the time of the Civil War, "to remove final control of education from the states to the federal government." This tendency is vigorously opposed in the report, which holds that "harm results when intimacy between schools and their patrons and neighbors is disturbed by remote control of a distant authority." The American school system to date reposes upon allegiance to democracy in civilization and government. One proof of this assertion is surely that "the percentage of students in higher institutions is much larger in the United States than in any other nation." Likewise the system as a whole is "more nearly folk-made than any other national system of education in the world." Parents in countless communities have watched the conduct of schools to which their children were confided, and have even detected the artful dodging of trustees and board members.

The central remarks of the committee on this subject invite careful meditation: "To a European accustomed to the operation of education through a single, authoritative ministry in a central government, it seems nothing less than a miracle that more than 145,000 local governments operating in forty-eight states could give us schools made so much alike by voluntary folk-agreement. In responsiveness to popular sovereignty, in adaptibility to varying need and aspiration, and in rich-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness of experimentation conducive to flexibility and progress, our management of public schools is without a peer. Certainly no national system of public schools managed in a highly centralized spirit shows such substantial democratic qualities as those indicated. Certainly such fundamental advantages to the democratic life should not be allowed to drift into jeopardy without the most careful scrutiny and the weighing of counter-advantages which are to be gained only at a high risk. Our gains are too hard-won and too fundamental to the structure of our kind of society for us to risk carelessly the loss of them."

Whatever one's response to these assertions may be, it is hard to doubt that the genesis of an educational system—the sum-total of the factors which, in the past, have helped to determine its development—cannot be abruptly discarded in favor of some new theory, however entrancing that may be. But of course a tradition is not an argument against change of every kind, and in spite of its conservatism the Hoover Committee stressed the constant need for improvement. The members felt, however, that the most important change to be effected is curbing the activity of the federal government in specialized educational endeavors. This, virtually all said, is a dangerous activity not only because it invokes "centralization," but also because federally supported specialization is likely to be overemphasized at the expense of education as a whole.

Having thus spoken out frankly against efforts to abrogate local community control of education, the committee was in a position to discuss the four issues it had stressed. It would amend those laws which now enable the federal government to interfere "with the autonomy of the states in matters of education." It would make no further federal money grants to special types of education, and would see to it that all future grants are "expendable by each state for any or all educational purposes as the state itself may direct." Such grants are simply to be made contingent upon a full report on all matters concerning which federal headquarters for education desire to be informed. It argues that the work of research—of correlating educational statistics gathered in all parts of the nation—is an important task which only the federal government can carry out, and which must therefore be supported adequately. Further recommendations are concerned primarily with suggested reforms of administration and personnel.

So far so good. True enough, Negro members of the committee objected to the resolutions advocating discontinuance of federal subsidies to specialized educational ventures, on the ground that the states would not give adequate attention to Negro schools. We are not competent to pass on the possible rightness of this contention. What is really surprising is that the committee as a whole—thirty-eight out of fifty-one members—voted to append to the report thus constituted a second part calling for reorganization of the federal educational service. Arguing that the policies outlined could not be enforced unless there be "in the government" a spokesman "for the American spirit and method in education," it recommended "that a department of education with a secretary of education at its head be established in the federal government." Of course this officer is to be vested with no "regulatory or executive responsibilities," and is to have no jurisdiction over "those federal educational activities which are incidental to proper administration of some other primary function of the federal government under jurisdiction of the department which is responsible for that primary function." But there is the department and its secretary, as big as life, despite the excellent general deliberations of the committee!

This second part of the report was vigorously objected to by the spokesmen for the Catholic point of views—Drs. Johnson and Pace. They contended, in a minority report, that the establishment of a department of education would "inevitably bring about centralization and federal control of education"—matters which the committee had stigmatized as grave and threatening dangers—and argued that such an office, necessarily political, "would not be entirely trustworthy as an agency for research and dissemination of information." In this reasoning they are, of course, merely continuing that strong Catholic opposition to a federally controlled educational system which has become a commonplace in recent discussion.

There is nothing further for us to say here. While it would be difficult to assert that the establishment of a federal department of education would be contrary to the Church's teaching, or in any way a blow to fundamental Catholic interests, the fact nevertheless remains that forms of doctrine or propaganda which might be sponsored with the authority of the federal government could prove very seriously objectionable. That is particularly true because, despite the parochial school, large numbers of Catholic children must perforce be educated in public institutions.

Very real interest attaches, therefore, to the following comment on part second of the report by President Nicholas Murray Butler—comment with which we entirely agree: "There would be little objection to this proposal if one might feel certain that the principles laid down by this commission would be faithfully followed were such a department of education again created. I say 'again' because a department of education was brought into existence on the initiative of James A. Garfield in 1867, but was shortly thereafter reduced to the status of a bureau in the Department of the Interior.

"The well-known characteristics of bureaucracy, however, give no little ground for the fears expressed in the minority report signed by Drs. Johnson and Pace. Once establish a new department, and its every energy will be exerted, directly or indirectly, to magnifying its own importance, to bring an increasing number of appropriations under its control, and to exercising authority in all sorts and kinds of unsuspected ways."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATHOLICS AND THE CONSTITUTION

By J. ELLIOT ROSS

Comment on the Supreme Court decision in the Macintosh case has been nation-wide. The point at issue there was whether the verdict on a given war can be individual or collective. The Court said that Congress alone has a voice in the matter, and that its ruling commits the citizenry without exception. Father Ross correlates this strange logic with the general question of conflict between Church and State, reaching the following impressive conclusion: "If . . . I were . . . applying for naturalization, I do not see how, as a Catholic, I could give any different answer than that given by Dr. Macintosh."—The Editors.

LIKE every priest who has lectured to non-Catholic audiences, I have often answered questions on the civic loyalty of Catholics. It was easy to say that there is no real conflict between the allegiance a Catholic owes to his Church and the allegiance he owes to the United States. Specific quotations from papal documents could all be interpreted in a way that was consistent with my own, and my audience's, understanding of the constitution.

And there was always the fact of our history to fall back upon. In more than one hundred and fifty years since the adoption of our constitution, there has never been a single instance of conflict between the Catholic Church and the American State. Playing this up, I have said: "If the men who are writing about this alleged conflict in loyalties for Catholics really believe what they say, why don't they do something about it? Let them challenge some Catholic applicant for naturalization, and fight the matter out until we get an authoritative decision from the Supreme Court. I have no doubt of the result."

Of course, I admitted the theoretical possibility of a conflict in the future between the Catholic Church and the American State, but I maintained that it was such a remote possibility it need not enter into practical discussion. For instance, if the American State commanded polygamy, or if it commanded abortion to end the pregnancy of any woman who had already had five children, no Catholic would obey. However, as no one imagines that the American State will ever issue any such commands, my examples were really a *reductio ad absurdum,* and were so understood by my hearers.

But recently I have been wondering if my answers were not a little too glib, not because I was misinterpreting the Catholic position, but because I was too sure in my interpretation of the constitution as it stands now. What gives me pause is the decision of the Supreme Court in the famous case of Dr. Macintosh, a Baptist professor in the Yale divinity school. As everyone knows, Dr. Macintosh was unwilling to pledge himself in advance that he would support the United States by bearing arms in every war whatever that Congress might declare. He reserved the right to judge in his own conscience whether a particular war was just or unjust. By a five to four decision, the Supreme Court ruled that, once Congress has acted, no citizen of this country has a right to sit in judgment on the justness of that war. The judgment belongs completely and solely to Congress. Consequently any citizen who reaches a judgment at variance with that of Congress is failing in the allegiance he owes to the United States. This is going beyond even Decatur's famous toast: "My country! In her relations with other nations, may she always be right, but, right or wrong, my country!" For the Supreme Court says, in effect, that my country is always right. There is no admission that Congress may sometimes be wrong in declaring war.

At a Knights of Columbus meeting after the United States entered the World War, I heard a former judge —a Catholic—at that time professor of law in a state university, say that now Congress had declared war, we no longer had the right to argue whether the war was just or unjust; our only duty was to support the government wholeheartedly. As a Catholic priest I took exception to his remarks. I pointed out that Catholic moralists had always laid down certain conditions which must be fulfilled if a war is to be just. Briefly, these conditions are: a just war must be in vindication of a violated right, all peaceful means of settling the dispute must have been exhausted, and there must be a prudent judgment that the good to be gained by the use of force will outweigh the evil resulting from the war. Anyone can find an elaboration of these conditions in the "Catholic Encyclopedia," or in a little brochure on "International Ethics" published by the Catholic Association for International Peace. I merely stated the recognized Catholic position. And certainly most nations would imply that the country against which they fight is waging an unjust war against them. Have the citizens of that other country no right to oppose such an unjust war?

At the time, I thought the good judge had allowed himself to be swept away by war hysteria. I never dreamt that he might be stating accurately the actual demands of our constitution. As a matter of fact, Congress allowed for conscientious objectors belonging to a religious organization condemning all war, and I believe that President Wilson included individual objectors who were not members of such churches. I took such action as indicating that our constitution did not really require the complete subjection of the individual's conscience to Congress which the judge had contended for in his speech.

But the recent decision of the Supreme Court makes it look as if the judge knew a great deal more than I did about the constitution on this point. For the Su-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preme Court has upheld his view. We are expected, apparently, to put our consciences entirely into the keeping of Congress, to swear ahead of time to a blind obedience. We are asked to give our consciences into the safe-keeping of Congress to a greater extent than we are asked to give them to the Church, for the Church respects the individual's conscience as to the justness of a war. It is true that in the event of war Congress may graciously respect our conscience—but then again it may not. At best Congress is doing us a favor, not recognizing a right. And although we may hope that Congress will be as generous in the future as it has been in the past, and so a conflict in fact will be avoided, yet there would seem to remain a theoretical conflict. And it is to be noted that it is because of a purely theoretical conflict that Dr. Macintosh is denied citizenship. We are not in a war in which Dr. Macintosh refuses to participate.

And does not this theoretical conflict exist for Catholics as well as for Dr. Macintosh? Some years ago, Hilaire Belloc in his book, "The Contrast," spoke of a conflict between the Catholic Church and the American State as inevitable. As an American and a Catholic, I vehemently repudiated this assertion. I thought I knew both Catholic doctrine and American principles well enough to be sure of my ground. And it seemed impertinent for an Englishman to be so dogmatic about the matter. But I find that I did not know the implications of our constitution as well as I thought I did. The decision of the Supreme Court in regard to the blind obedience we owe Congress in the event of war has shaken considerably my confidence as to the impossibility of a conflict between a Catholic's allegiance to the State and his allegiance to moral principles as a Catholic.

If instead of being a born American citizen, with seven generations of Americans back of me, I were a German or a Frenchman applying for naturalization, I do not see how, as a Catholic, I could give any different answer from that given by Dr. Macintosh. The Catholic Church admits that war may sometimes be justified, and so her position is differentiated from the position of those pacifists who maintain that all war is unjust. But the Catholic Church also teaches that a war may be unjust, and that no one is morally entitled to participate in a war he is convinced in his own conscience is morally unjust.

It is true that the laying down of conditions to justify war is more theoretical than practical. For the individual citizen will rarely be in a position to know whether these conditions are fulfilled or not. He gets only the information that his government allows him to get. News will be manipulated in such a way that he will think the enemy nation is guilty of unjust aggression, and that all peaceful means to avert war have been tried in vain. This is amply demonstrated by Ponsonby's recent book, "Falsehood in War Time." Consequently, any citizen taking the Catholic position that a war may sometimes be justified, will almost inevitably have to conclude that a particular war declared by Congress is justified.

Falling back, too, on the principle recognized by Catholic moralists that authority is always right until proved wrong, merely strengthens this consideration. Under the complexities of modern civilization, it would not be often that the private citizen would be in a position ahead of time to decide that Congress was wrong in declaring war. The burden of proof is on him, and he will not have the proof. Practically, therefore, a Catholic can be reasonably sure that he will never be called upon to fight in a war that he is certain is unjust.

But some Catholics might be in a position to judge the facts in regard to a war. A Catholic Cabinet officer, for instance, might be sure that Congress was wrong in declaring war. Under this Macintosh decision of the Supreme Court, he would be expected to subordinate to Congress his allegiance to conscience, and so his allegiance to God. There would be an insoluble conflict between his principles as a Catholic and the loyalty to the State demanded by the Supreme Court.

Moreover, although few Catholics would be in the position of a Cabinet officer, the theoretical difficulty remains. And I repeat that it is the theoretical question the Supreme Court has decided. The philosophy by which the Supreme Court reached its decision would seem to be in clear conflict with the philosophy of the Catholic Church. The Supreme Court makes the State absolute. No allowance is introduced for freedom of conscience. We have here in cold, hard reality the omnipotent and infallible State. And the allegiance a Catholic owes to his conscience and to the principles taught by his Church are said by the Supreme Court to be incompatible with the allegiance due to this State looking upon itself as omnipotent and infallible even in the moral sphere. I have argued in the past that there was no conflict of allegiance for a Catholic simply because I always assumed with Justice Hughes in his minority opinion that the American State did not claim to be omnipotent.

Suppose, therefore, that some non-Catholics had taken up the challenge we have so blithely thrown them, and had questioned the possibility of a Catholic candidate for naturalization giving the allegiance to the United States demanded by our constitution, as Dr. Macintosh was questioned. I do not see how the decision of the Supreme Court could be different in the case of a Catholic from what it has been in the case of Dr. Macintosh. Or suppose that an injunction had been gotten out against some Catholic school being exempted from taxes on the ground that it was teaching what is contrary to our federal constitution, in so far as it was teaching the right of the individual to judge in his own conscience the rightness or wrongness of a particular war. With this clearcut difference between the Catholic philosophy of the authority of State and the Supreme Court's conception of the authority of the American State over Catholics, if the matter ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reached the Supreme Court the decision would almost certainly be against us.

There may be a way of reconciling the position of the Church with the position of the Supreme Court, but I fail to see it. If any Catholic has the solution, I wish he would propose it. To say that the question is theoretical rather than practical, does not seem to me to be a satisfactory answer, because the question in Dr. Macintosh's case was just as theoretical. He was not confronted with an actual war in which he refused to participate, but with the demand to renounce his rights of conscience and take a blanket, unconditional oath to obey Congress.

Of course, the difficulties in the way of the State admitting the supremacy of the individual's conscience in time of war are perfectly obvious. Such recognition might result in a sort of anarchy. Certainly one can easily imagine a serious political condition arising at times from such a recognition. But it is also true that the difficulties can easily be exaggerated. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Millions of citizens in this country from Justice Hughes down have been loyal citizens without admitting the absolute obedience the Supreme Court is now demanding. And in each war Congress has made provisions for the conscientious objectors without too many persons taking advantage of the provisions. Nor is there any indication that in the future the safety of the nation would be endangered if the Supreme Court recognized that this right of the conscientious objector was implied in the constitution.

When the Civil War was impending, the federal government allowed Southerners in the United States army to resign and go South. These men had not only the general duty of citizens to this country, but the added duty coming from their oath as officers in the army, and yet the government made no effort to hold them. Perhaps this leniency on the part of Washington was unwise, for certainly it enabled the South to put up a fight that would have been impossible without a Lee, a Jackson, a Beauregard, a Johnston and scores of others. But if the federal government in such a crisis could risk this chivalrous respect for the individual conscience, *a fortiori* it can risk the much smaller concession of allowing an individual to refrain from bearing arms in a war he conscientiously considers unjust.

If the United States should ever engage in another war—against Canada, let us say for the sake of argument—Dr. Macintosh would not expect to be allowed to go to Canada to fight against the United States. Much less would any objectors to this decision of the Supreme Court expect that officers in the United States army should be allowed to go to Canada. Conscientious objectors, particularly if they happened to be naturalized citizens, formerly belonging to the enemy country, might be required to give bond for good conduct. In extreme cases, they might even be put in some sort of detention camp. The federal government would have the same right to protect itself against such citizens that it has to protect itself against alien enemies residing in its territory. But protection could be amply secured without violating the rights of conscience that so many of us thought were guaranteed by the constitution.

Naturally, the issue has no practical application for me in the sense of being drafted for a war, because I am now too old for this, even if the United States should ever abandon its former policy of exempting priests. But from another angle, this decision of the Supreme Court does have a very personal consideration for me. As a priest I feel compelled to represent the teaching of the Catholic Church accurately and, as I understand that teaching, it assumes the very attitude condemned in Dr. Macintosh by the Supreme Court. There is no blanket assumption by the Church that the United States will always be right in the wars it wages, but there is such an assumption on the part of the Supreme Court. Consequently, in answering questions as to a conflict between Catholic teaching and the American constitution, I shall be compelled to admit that there is this difference in fundamental assumptions.

Perhaps further thought on the problem may show a way out of this difficulty. But I have not yet been able to see the solution for myself. Nor have I seen any satisfactory solution proposed in Catholic journals. THE COMMONWEAL will be doing a service by frankly discussing the matter. For many Catholics must be bothered by this difficulty to the same extent I am. And if I am misrepresenting Catholic teaching, I want to know it and avoid the harm that I should otherwise be doing to the Catholic cause.

The case may be put in this way: Is it consistent with Catholic principles for a Catholic to take an oath that he will support the United States by arms in every war whatever Congress may declare, irrespective of his own conscientious convictions as to the justness of the war?

The Feast of Silence

How the glory of your going is sweet again and new
When the August moon is at your feet and twelve stars feel the glow
Of the light that drenched our darkness and wove the only blue
For the mantle of Assumption from the air where lilies blow.

How the armor of October flashes challenge to the sky
On the smoldering bridge of summer when the harvest wars are won,
Till the life-blood of the wounded year is read as Bosran dye,
For the staining of your roses at Lepanto in the sun.

But all the yearning world is still when Love lifts up your name—
(Immaculate, Immaculate, our tears are in His voice!)
Lo, in snow-fall of December flowers the mystery of the flame
That is burning in His silence, the silence of your choice.

SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. MURRAY OF OKLAHOMA: II

By J. B. DUDEK

THE first legislature of the state of Oklahoma convened at Guthrie in December, 1907. Murray had been chairman of the first State Democratic Convention. He had declined to run for the office of United States senator on a hunch that he would be first speaker of the state's House of Representatives, and was nominated for that office by acclamation in the Democratic caucus, and by a majority of two in the Republican.

I had opportunity to observe him in action about the time that the famous "Nine-Foot Bed-Sheet Bill" came up for discussion. This, like many another measure which was inspired by Alfalfa Bill Murray, was not without its *raison d'être,* as any guest at a small-town Oklahoma hotel of that period, who all through the hours of attempted repose had lain awake wishing that the law might "do something about it," would doubtless testify. That this particular bit of legislation is now, with changed conditions, obsolete is but an indication that Alfalfa Bill's measures and recommendations are timely.

Nor is he above changing his mind when circumstances warrant that he should. He has, for instance, made a close study of banking and monetary systems throughout the world; he is familiar with their failures, weaknesses and successes. He explains that he did

> not acquire this knowledge by years of successful operations on the stock exchange, in Wall Street, or the promotion of some large corporation, but by first thoroughly understanding the various systems and the effect of the power of certain classes to contract the medium of exchange, thereby doubling obligations in the commercial world. . . .
>
> I hold that our Federal Reserve Banking Act [Murray was a member of Congress when this law was enacted and he pointed out some of its fallacies at the time], while sound and adequate for commercial needs, is archaic when applied to the requirements of the producer; that no government can stand which ignores an equitable measure of credit to all classes of enterprise creating and producing wealth; that sterile gold [surplus above requirements] is all that the name implies—sterile and impotent.

Following up the idea, he says:

> Idle dollars make idle hands; imprisoned dollars, withdrawn from active use, throttle industry and oppress labor. No government can stand whose holders of accumulated capital assume that they are no further obligated to their fellow men whose daily bread is dependent upon capital for industrial progress.

In 1910 Murray was, by a close vote, defeated for nomination as governor. During the campaign, he delivered himself of these sentiments:

> No man owning a home and once pawning it for money can retain it for long; nor can any homeless man buy one when the rates of interest upon the value of such a home exceed the rental value in open market. . . .
>
> Experience shows that it is not wise to trust human cupidity when it has the opportunity to aggrandize itself at the expense of others.

Two years later he filed for congressman-at-large, and, without making a speech before the primary, carried all but four counties of the state. He served from 1913 to 1915 in the Sixty-third Congress. In the meantime, Oklahoma was redistricted, and Murray ran successfully, from the Fourth District, for the Sixty-fourth Congress (1915-1917). It was during his congressional days that Alfalfa Bill confirmed his claim to the title of prophet and sage. He predicted

> another war in Europe, the most disastrous in history, and the loss of our cotton market if the United States failed in advance to provide a merchant fleet.

Who does not recall the slogan, "Buy a bale," during the two months following Germany's invasion of Belgium? In fact, in 1916, Murray predicted our entry into the World War, advocating preparedness, and so brought about his own defeat for renomination. The successful candidate, who had declared himself against war, actually cast his first vote for it. During his 1914 candidacy Murray exclaimed:

> I am not called upon to take sides in every dog-fight, whether between those of two legs or four; but fight for principle is the price of wholesome government.

In 1916 he said:

> The man who is not sober, upright, honest and courageous in private life will not be sober, upright and courageous in public life.

Murray, at the prompting of his friends, again made a race for the governorship in 1918, but only half-heartedly, being unwilling to increase his debts for the sake of campaign funds. He had, after the federal appropriation for the Constitutional Convention had been exhausted, borrowed considerable money personally in order to carry on the work—expenditures for which he claims he has never been reimbursed—and interest thereon had been accumulating. He reflects that this was the price he paid "to serve the people."

He sold much of his land to pay off his debts, and traveled in South America, having turned his attention to a colonization scheme which, it seems, he had in mind before leaving Texas for Oklahoma. In 1924 he established his colony in Bolivia. Alfalfa Bill has been reproached with the failure of this project; but,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in so far as it was that, it is attributable to no lack of zeal, knowledge, labor or sacrifice on his part. Relating his experiences south of the equator, Murray grows eloquent over the possibilities of proper development there; but, he explains, it is difficult for the pioneer to become acclimated "where everything is upside down and even the lightning-bugs carry their tail-lights on their heads," and still more difficult for a private individual to carry on an enterprise when, at any moment, a change of government may jeopardize the investment, as even big corporations have, from time to time, discovered when dealing with a certain type of Latin American officials.

In connection with his experience in South America, Mr. Murray made some observations concerning foreign trade and relations. He is not a pacifist, except that he maintains that wars in modern times are not fought for liberty, but for the sake of greed and aggrandizement. He had declared in Congress (1916):

> The doctrine of a world court and . . . other propaganda . . . are founded upon the assumption that war can be prevented. War cannot and never will be prevented; I do not care what the race or religion or form of government or the degree of civilization. . . . You can never abolish war until you change human nature, and only God himself can do that . . . but you can meet it with intelligence, with a view to self-preservation and self-defense.

This is in accord with what he now holds concerning international concord, which, he says,

> will not become permanent until fair competition is established as the basis of treaty. Satisfactory alliance in trade agreements through equitable exchange of commodities will signal the first step in profitable international amity.

Returning to Tishomingo after five years, Murray was greatly affected by the reception his former associates accorded him. "The greeting," he says, "dug me in the ribs." He had some thought of running for United States senator, but, again yielding to the persuasion of his friends, entered for the state governorship instead. This was precarious business. Two governors had been ousted already. It was plain that no one but a Democrat could be elected in Oklahoma, but there were nine of them—three millionaires and four men with other strong claims to recognition—in the preliminaries.

The state press, almost unanimously, from the first was disposed to regard Alfalfa Bill's candidacy as a pleasantry. But he came out of the first bout with flying colors. The opposition heaped all manner of abuse upon the uncouth idol of the common people. There was gabble of wholesale defection to the Republican ranks. But in the second primary, Bill —now more "Cockleburr" than "Alfalfa"—piled up such a majority over the moneyed runner-up that, to Murray's enemies, things began looking very black, or Red, indeed. Vitriolic attacks filled the newspapers. A popular female columnist on the *Oklahoman* staff, going out of her way to depict Murray as one who had

> lived for years in a house without a bathtub . . . never wears a coat unless the weather chills him . . . habitually wears a dirty shirt, . . .

followed this scorching article with another anent his underwear, and thus probably did more than any other single person toward Bill's success in the finals of November, 1930. Bill was of the soil, and his people would not let him down. With practically no campaign organization or finances, supported by but one important newspaper and his own *Blue Valley Farmer,* he staged a magnificent show. In expounding his "gross income tax" and other pet theories he purposely lived up to his reputation of "indifference to style and conventionality." Unlike the usual politician, he catered to no clique, lodge or club; he declined to make speeches in churches. But the man was in earnest; he gave the impression that he knew whereof he spoke, and there was no resisting his appeal:

> The great middle class, of which the average man is most representative, in all ages of the world, in every form of government, has been the stalwart preserver of civilization, liberty and advanced manhood. . . . There are two elements equally dangerous to society: the idle rich and the idle poor; the dude and the tramp, the cormorant and the commune, which at once spawn the millionaire and the pauper. . . . It is a mistake to divide mankind according to their occupations. It is more proper to divide them according to their interests, as the same are associated with those of their fellow men. . . . All must depend upon the energy, the intelligence, of the great middle class, the average man. . . . The greater the power the people possess, the greater the danger in the hands of an ignorant and vicious voter. . . . No class should be taxed out of existence, nor should any class escape its just proportion. . . . To insure right official conduct, the people themselves must exercise right conduct. . . . If the constitution is followed, it would enable any man to come fresh from the people and rise to the highest office within their gift.

The "Sage of Tishomingo" carried, by an overwhelming majority, all but seven counties of the state. The crowd that witnessed his inauguration was probably the biggest ever assembled in Oklahoma. In his address on the occasion he said:

> I learned my politics out there in the country. Don't know as I am much of a politician, but I do know people, and people make the government.

Predictions became rife almost immediately that Alfalfa Bill would not last six months. Nearly a year has gone by, and he is still on the job and going strong. Almost every move he makes draws fire—the "Red River Toll-Bridge War," the temporary shut-down of the oil fields, his initiative bill petitions—all have brought down upon him accusations of unwarranted assumption of power, thirst for dictatorship, unbridled egotism. But Alfalfa Bill, who has no martyr complex, goes serenely on. He has the perspicacity to turn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adverse criticism to good use. Neither he nor his followers missed, for example, this naive admission in a recent editorial in the Oklahoma City *Times*:

> There is a disposition on the part of the governor to penalize big business. . . . Yet big business has been a great factor in the growth and development of state and nation. It cannot be harassed with impunity.

A morning paper published by the same concern began an editorial, a few days later, with:

> Governor Murray's new income tax measure can hardly fail to pass.

That everybody in Oklahoma (not to say in the United States) should agree in all things with Bill Murray is not, of course, to be expected; but his panaceas for the state's and country's ills are as plausible as any recommended by others, and far better calculated to impress the voting masses. They have the merit of being based on a sound diagnosis of the disease and a penetrating knowledge of the patient. And, as a safeguard against human shortcomings in legislation, he holds

> that no government can stand whose laws are oppressive or contrary to the common weal. The right of initiative and referendum is one of the most sacred rights enjoyed by the American people, and the government should ever welcome this right being exercised. . . . Constitutional questions should never become party questions. Such practice would sooner or later emasculate and destroy the foundation of the government. Any mandatory changes in the constitution should be initiated by the people, the beneficiaries of this sovereign right and power.

A few days ago I paid my respects to Alfalfa Bill at the governor's mansion. I missed the potato patch which it is said he threatened to make of the front yard. Inside, everything was spotlessly clean and neat. I was, it is true, received somewhat informally—in His Excellency's bedroom. He had not yet removed his hat, and he was on the bed, absorbed in correcting the proofs on his proposed "Seven Bills," providing respectively, a new system of state income tax, reduction of cotton and wheat acreage, a tax on gasoline for relief purposes, free text-books, a budget officer system, reduction of ad valorem taxes, and a prohibition of corporations' owning land for other than charter purposes. I was not thrown out on the neck, as some impertinent reporters claim to have been. Once Bill loosened up, he was thoroughly human and, in his way, charming.

The man has his idiosyncracies, but who has not? After all, if a man's personal tastes incline to pork jowls and greens, and a week's growth of beard, rather than to caviar and the daily shave, which most men admit is a nuisance, his thinking apparatus is not necessarily impaired thereby. Perhaps the whole thing is a pose on Mr. Murray's part; but what man or woman in public life does not posture on occasion? Whether the performance be in some classical costume that conceals the fool, or in the motley of a jester who is nevertheless a philosopher, the net effect upon the spectator is the same. Alfalfa Bill without his pecularities would be a Mahatma Gandhi without his loin-cloth or a Teddy Roosevelt without his teeth. But beneath the bluff exterior there is the man—a man with a sympathetic understanding of other men. He gives evidence of sincerity, of a kindly gentlemanliness; of a phenomenal empirical knowledge, fortified by a remarkable memory and careful reasoning. With unbounded confidence in himself, he is impervious to sycophancy, suspicious of the dodger, intolerant only of meanness and stupidity. Professing no hypocritical piety, he nevertheless believes in religion as a necessary factor in human life and advancement. One of the proverbs of the "Sage of Tishomingo" is:

> No university ever made a mind. Who is the maker of the mind? Answer that question, and you have answered all arguments that man arose from a jellyfish or a monkey. There must have been an infinite mind to have placed the finite mind in man. . . . The real history of a country is not of its rulers, but of the people . . . its morality or lack of morality. . . . Self-denial, self-control and interest in old-fashioned religion, mingled with brotherly love and a desire on the part of everyone to return to the faith of our fathers, is the only hope for betterment of conditions as they now stand.

A thorough politician, Governor Murray's homely honesty and straightforwardness, which his worst enemies have been unable to impugn, make of him almost a contradiction in terms.

Many Waters

Waters of earth, they rest not, the many-voiced
Praising, as maidens that celebrate our lady, the moon;
Even still waters contemplative, the pool within my garden,
Or waters imprisoned, as of dogal Venice, the lagoon.

Light lift they burden, beauty is softly borne of them:
The deep sea fleeter and stronger than a thousand fillies;
The little brook green garland-twined of mint leaves,
Dark ponds that conjure the slime for an apron of lilies—

These ancient are never-ageing; one high willed radiance
Informs them though remotely: as with bridles,
Silver or golden, are the deeps recalled; of far slight beckoning,
The stream that over the meadow delicately idles.

Find me a woman that loves not as her sister earth's lone waters—
Many there be that seek them, little sister, sister proud,
Compassion of the rhythmed tides imploring, a last refuge—
Sleeps not Ophelia alone 'neath the rush-woven shroud.

ANNE YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUTTING THINGS IN ORDER

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ONLY a few of the readers of this paper have asked us why we have not yet reviewed "Essays in Order"; but the very fact that they did ask such a question is convincing proof of their discernment. It is probably also true that the number of readers of "Essays in Order" is not large; but they constitute an élite; and they have every right to ask why a journal which has for one of its chief purposes the task—it might be more properly described as the duty—of watching for the advent of just such books as the one under discussion and calling the attention of others to their appearance, and their importance, should so signally have muffed the ball on this occasion. It's all right for them to ask the question; that is easy; but answering it is quite another story. For there isn't any really satisfactory answer; none that justifies our failure. It just happened, as Topsy grew, that's all. But if anybody should be sufficiently interested in how and why such things happen, he might turn to Chesterton's revelation of the mysteries of journalism in one of his early essays, "The Real Journalist." Beginning his confession (for it is that, just as this article is a confession) with one of those simple yet startling statements of fact which really constitute the essence of Chesterton in spite of all the loose talk about his glittering paradoxes, he says:

> Our age which has boasted of realism will fail chiefly through lack of reality.

Then he continues:

> Never, I fancy has there been so grave and startling a divorce between the way a thing is done and the look of it when it is done. I take the nearest and most typical instance to hand—a newspaper. Nothing looks more neat and regular than a newspaper, with its parallel columns, its mechanical printing, its detailed facts and figures, its responsible, polysyllabic leading articles. Nothing, as a matter of fact, goes every night through more agonies of adventure, more hairbreadth escapes, desperate expedients, crucial councils, random compromises, or barely averted catastrophes. Seen from the outside, it seems to come round as automatically as the clock and as silently as the dawn. Seen from the inside, it gives all its organizers a gasp of relief every morning to see that it has come out at all; that it has come out without the leading article upside down or the Pope congratulated on discovering the North Pole.

Every newspaper man will agree with Chesterton; although few would be so publicly candid. Nor does a weekly journal escape the adventures, and the misadventures, of its more hurried daily contemporary. And perhaps there is no department of a weekly journal's work where the chances and mischances are so difficult to deal with as the reviewing of books. There are so many of them! There are so few that really matter! And yet the whole enormous mass keeps on coming, each one accompanied by a ballyhoo—and all of them really requiring to be examined, because some of them, no matter how few, are very important indeed; indispensable, in fact, if civilization is to endure, for they contain the nourishment of minds, the enlightenment of souls, without which humanity stagnates or degenerates. And it was precisely one of the indispensable books which so far has not been noticed in these pages. Nothing remains, after such a confession, and an act of contrition, but to make what reparation we may.

Fortunately, although we cannot now review "Essays in Order" as a new book, we can still talk about it as a true book: one of the books which have a lasting value; a book, too, which will soon have companion volumes in the same invaluable series. And the first volume, like the two which soon will join it, and like others which will follow, has a special and peculiar interest which makes its discussion now even more important than the notice which on its appearance it did not receive from us; but which it did receive in many other journals, and, most properly, by the Catholic Book Club, which sponsored it. This last fact indicates that special importance to which I refer; for "Essays in Order" represents more adequately (I at least personally believe) than any other literary phenomenon, something of supreme value to society—which is, the international resurgence of intellectual Catholicism.

The man mainly responsible for the publication of "Essays in Order," is Mr. Francis Sheed, of Sheed and Ward. The Macmillan Company is collaborating with him in producing the American edition of the series. It is of course simply the literary and intellectual merits of the essays which explain the Macmillan Company's interest. It is a publisher's duty as a publisher (when he does not degenerate into a mere catchpenny trafficker in smut and ephemeral sensations) to search after and bring to the reading public works which possess authentic literary or intellectual values, no matter what theories or philosophies these works may spread, discuss or promote. When such works spring from or represent the principles of Catholicism, they are as welcome—no more, no less—than works issuing from other forces. Everywhere today general publishers are proving this fact. Catholicism is present in the literary arena of the modern world, in all the centers of the greatest of all debates—namely, the struggle between the principles, ideas, traditions and experiences of Christian civilization, and the opposing complex of theories, opinions, experiments and philosophies representing the enormous (but, fortunately, conflicting) array of social, intellectual, moral and spiritual forces which are warring upon Christian civilization.

There have been a few scattered, almost solitary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voices, that have been heard in this country or that, generally at different periods of time, but there has been no such concerted, general, and coöperating movement of Catholic literature as we are witnessing, since the breaking of Catholic unity in the sixteenth century. The voices that were lifted above the general silence of Catholicism were often mighty ones, stronger and perhaps more enduring than most that are heard today: Bossuet, Crashaw, Balmès, Gorres, Chateaubriand, Manzoni, Newman, for example. But they were unsupported by a general movement of attention, of study, of discipleship, so to speak, save locally, or within the limits of their own nation—except, of course, for that effect which their work produced among the few followers of general European culture who always existed among Catholics, even in the darkest days, and who passed on the lamps of literature as the monks of the true dark ages did when the Roman civilization broke down, even as ours threatens to do.

But now there seems at least the beginnings of a general, international, almost world-wide coöperation of Catholic thinkers, writers and artists. American readers, students, workers, and at least a few writers and artists, are enlisted with the Europeans. And the title of the series of essays now under discussion is a true symbol of the intention of this movement. It is nothing less than an attempt to put things in order; a crusade of the Christian mind against the threat of intellectual chaos which if it prevails will bring about social chaos, or what may be worse, a false social order based upon a false philosophy and a false religion, such as Russia is attempting.

So far, "Essays in Order" have given us contributions by a Frenchman, Jacques Maritain, a German, Peter Wust, and two Englishmen, Christopher Dawson and E. I. Watkin. The two new volumes which will soon appear will introduce us to a Russian, Nicolas Berdaev, another German, Carl Schmitt, another Englishman, Michael de la Bedoyere, and new essays by Dawson and Watkin. The latter's essay, "The Bow in the Clouds," will be published separately, as its importance as well as its length, which is about thrice the usual length of these contributions, demands. And there is in preparation a long list of new essays by the writers already mentioned, and by others. And it is well to recall at this point of this sketchy description of this phase of the Catholic movement (which makes no effort to examine it critically) that in addition to these essays, grouped for a particular purpose, there exists an even larger movement, with which the essays are vitally connected, and from which they derive inspiration and support.

In Germany, for example, as Dawson points out in his general introduction to the essays, Catholic philosophy (from which, as nearly always is the case, all Catholic literature directly or indirectly derives, except, perhaps, in the case of purely lyrical poetry: as general literature also directly or indirectly springs from other forms of philosophy) is most noticeably in contact with other tendencies of modern thought, and is "most alive to the needs of the present age, as we shall see in the work of such writers as Przywara, Wust, Carl Schmitt, Theodor Haecker and von Hildebrand." Germany also opened up springs of literature almost as important as the wells of philosophy, those of true history, through the work of such men as Denifle, Ehrle, Baumker, von Hertling and Grabmann. In Belgium the School of Louvain for more than forty years has been a pioneer in the revival of philosophical studies. France, in addition to many leaders in the fields of philosophy and psychology, such as Père Sertillanges, M. Gilson, Père Maréchal (of Louvain), Père Rousselot, the Abbé Bremond (literary and historical studies of the first importance), Maritain and others, has led the way in the field of pure literature, as Dawson points out, with such authors as Péguy, Huysmans, Claudel, and newer men such as Henri Massis, Henri Ghéon, Charles du Bos, Julian Green, Gabriel Marcel and many others. Italy, too, according to a recent article in these pages, is contributing its quota, from a world-famous figure such as Papini, to a corps of younger critics and artists, for some of whom high places in the general movement seem open.

England has its two really great men in Chesterton and Belloc. From Belloc in particular something like a school of new historical writers has issued—or, at least, from him their direction has been taken—men like Christopher Hollis, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and others. Around the two giants, united to them by a common devotion to Christian civilization and its order, there is now ranged a whole corps of novelists, critics and apologetic writers of primary rank. Such names as Father Martindale, Father D'Arcy, Father Thurston (a veteran), Father McNabb, Father Ronald Knox, suggest the richness of the group on the clerical side, while editors and authors such as Eric Gill, Douglas Jerrold, Douglas Woodruff, Compton MacKenzie, J. B. Morton, Maurice Baring, Bruce Marshall, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Algar Thorold, Ernest Oldmeadow, W. J. Blyton, Alfred Noyes and many others, suggest the versatility and virility of the lay group—although, indeed, the terms lay and clerical denote no real line of separation; all alike work for the same ends: some are in holy orders, but all labor that the order of the world may be holy, or at least shall aim at that ordering of things, according to the mind of the Church.

The present writer is not competent to speak, even at second hand, about the writers who in such countries as Poland, Spain, Holland, Portugal and the South American republics are expressing the same spirit; but we are assured of their presence and their activities by those in a position to know the facts; and as the movement proceeds, doubtless we shall get in touch with them, as they will with their European and North American fellow workers. The same condition exists as to Ireland. The Dublin magazine, *Studies,* in each number is contributing to the international collabora-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of Catholic minds; and there are such Catholic novelists, critics and poets as Daniel Corkery, Padraic and Mary Colum and those who are specializing in the revival of purely Gaelic influences which in course of time will flow into general culture; but for the moment (and for the moment only it is to be hoped) the best-known of Irish literary names represent revolts from and denials of Catholic order and stand for leaders in the flight from faith and reason into the chaos of the anarchy of the soul.

We of the United States are now part of the general awakening and striving of the Catholic mind and soul. We are more destitute at present of writers commanding international attention and respect than Ireland or Spain. But we are aware of that fact at last, and that is all to the good. Except perhaps in the case of great creative geniuses (and yet even they may be no exceptions), writers do not appear when the race or nation they represent is as a body indifferent to the things of the mind, and sluggish of soul. There must be deep currents of vital interests running amidst a people before writers emerge to voice the otherwise inarticulate mass-desires and folk aspirations. Such currents are pulsing in America now. New movements of religious fervor are stirring; hitherto accepted institutions and modes of thought and moods of living are being questioned and challenged, attacked or defended with ardor. "Essays in Order" face and deal with the same problems arising from this new situation, which are as acute in the United States as in Europe, or Latin America. No man or woman aspiring to play a part in Catholic Action, on what may be called the intellectual front of the great war which is now being waged, can afford to miss this book, and the ones which are to follow.

So, for our part, having sinned in this respect, we do not write a belated review, but frankly and enthusiastically give the book our strongest possible approval—an advertisement, if you will, but one that could not be bought.

AMONG THE PIGMIES[1]

By PAUL SCHEBASTA

THE PIGMIES of the Congo, like all other dwarfs, live in the shade of the primeval forest and leave it only when they go to trade for bananas in Negro villages. Like all other dwarfs again, they are migratory, establishing themselves for days in windswept camps, in a forest clearing, and then pushing on to some other point when they are in dire need of food.

They are not Negroes, the black skin and physique of whom they do not possess. How often it happens that when people look at photographs of the Congo pigmies they exclaim, "What monkey-faces!" Nevertheless, the dwarfs have nothing whatever in common with monkeys. They are human beings precisely as we are, but exceedingly primitive ones; their daily existence is poverty-stricken and their appearance anything but attractive. Besides they are the smallest people on earth, their average stature being less than fifty-five inches. As one looks at the men with their long beards, one seems actually to be gazing at the gnomes of fairy-land. Yes, the pigmies are certainly not handsome. But one gets accustomed to looking at them after a while, and then actually develops a fondness for them. Their eyes speak and beget confidence. Generally these eyes flicker unsteadily to and fro, and peer about anxiously as might a trapped deer which has caught sight of a stranger. The shyness of these dwarfs in the presence of white men and other strangers is so great that whites who wander through the forest either do not get a look at them or else catch only fleeting glimpses. Before you can say "Jack Robinson" they have vanished into the dense wood; and when the proximity of a stranger seems to them dangerous, they remain in hiding quite as effectively as if an earthquake had swallowed them. The whole camp takes to its heels, which after all requires no great dexterity. The man carries his weapons, bow and arrows. The woman speeds off with her baby, which is fastened to her shoulders by means of a thong of hide, and perhaps another child, clinging to the mother like a chimpanzee, sits on the basket filled with various household goods and clamped to her back. In this manner they push through the forest until they think they have found a safe hiding place. Nobody pays any attention to the abandoned hut, because another can be erected in no time. Building these huts is work for women. A few branches are stuck in the ground and tied together above to make a kind of arch, which is then covered with large leaves. Then the dwelling house is finished. Each person prepares his own bed. Generally he will sleep on branches; often, also, on leaves. But, alas, if it rains for a long time and the little huts, so like bee-hives, stand under water! Then everybody begins to shovel out the water with cupped hands through the door opening, to the accompaniment of much chatter. If this also fails to afford relief, then one sleeps on as well as possible—in the water.

The pigmies are excellent, reckless hunters. They can hit birds high in the air with their arrows, bring down a running antelope, and attack elephants with a short spear. Generally two or three expert hunters

[1] Author's Note: During 1929 and 1930 I was able, with aid generously given by several scientific institutes, to go on another voyage of investigation. This time the goal was the heart of Africa where live the still almost unknown pigmies of the Ituri forest. Of course the trip was really a continuation of a journey of investigation to Upper India five years previous, which has been subsidized by the present reigning Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. Both expeditions afforded excellent results, but I am limiting this paper to what was learned about the pigmies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will creep up close to an elephant and strike at the tendons in the knees of the thick-skinned beast with all their might. This sometimes brings the elephant tumbling down in a heap. But look out if the trick fails to work! Then the elephant becomes the attacker, ferocious and vociferous, who chases the gnomes before him. The following adventure happened to a pigmy I know, while he was hunting an elephant: The blow of his spear went wide and he himself stumbled. The giant of the animal kingdom suddenly stood above the dwarf and struck at him with its tusks. The pigmy, already wounded, clung despairingly to one tusk of the beast which shook him to and fro, and finally flung him with might and main into the branches of a tree, where he succeeded in keeping his perch. But he had been so badly torn that he resembled a patient in the midst of an abdominal operation. What did he do, this creature of the primitive forests? He climbed to the ground, as well as he could pressed back into his abdomen what had exuded therefrom, and hurried to the next Negro village. A missionary who happened to be there bound up the wound with twine and bandaged it with newspapers. The dwarf recovered but his fellow citizens were astonished that the wound took so long a time to heal.

Thus are the pigmies. They are incredibly capable of resistance—tough and indifferent to weather and wounds. The food of these little people is distinguished neither for variety nor opulence, but their table is always set. In this respect they are about the most carefree but also most easily satisfied people on God's earth. It is true that they eat much meat because they are constantly on the hunt, but during certain months caterpillars and white ants are more highly treasured than antelopes. Whenever an animal is brought down, a piece of its heart is laid on leaves and left in the forest. In the same way a part of the caterpillars and termites are placed in a hollow tree before the pigmies themselves partake. These are thank offerings to God Who has showered them with favor. The caterpillars and ants are roasted over a fire and eaten with a special relish. The women have the duty of hunting for roots, greens and fruits in the wood, which they then bring back to the camp and prepare for the table.

Naturally this slender vegetable fare is not sufficient, and so from time to time the pigmies push off into the Negro villages to barter for bananas and coconuts there. Or maybe they beg them. Generally they attach themselves to a Negro whom they consider their master or their patron and for whom they do little odd jobs which he, on his part, must repay by caring for them and helping them secure food. Not infrequently bloody feuds have broken out between pigmies and Negroes, because the first plundered the gardens of the second when bananas had been refused them. For the most part, the dwarfs come off the worse. They avoid open battle but they are masters of the art of sending a noiseless and treacherous arrow into the breast of an enemy from some ambush, and then disappearing unnoticed. But often they have also been the allies of the Negroes, when these carried on wars with some other tribes. While the Negroes marched ahead in close formation, swinging their spears and shields, the little gnomes swarmed round about them on both sides, fired their arrows at the enemy, and beat a hasty retreat.

The Congo Negroes have never refused human flesh, and even today they are angry with the white man who has forbidden them this kind of nourishment. For was not human flesh the most tasty, asked both the Negroes and the pigmies? For these last also, at least certain tribes of them, looked favorably on cannibalism, as they themselves admit. I shall never forget the scene in which a pigmy explained to me with all sorts of grimaces how good human flesh tasted. But this golden age is now ended.

It is true that Negro tribes of the primeval forest still occasionally permit themselves this luxury but almost always in secret. One case did, however, come to my knowledge in which cannibalism was practised, so to speak, under the very eyes of the white man. Not far from this town of Irumu there lived in a small village a Negro chieftain who plundered his fellow citizens in brutal fashion. But they refused to put up with this, since theirs are democratic institutions! Led by the wife of the chieftain, they marched to his hut and attempted to induce him to act more equitably. When he refused to listen to what they had to say, the crowd was seized with frenzy and his own wife crushed the skull of the chieftain with a blow. The victim was thereupon carved, roasted and eaten. The woman's portion was the heart and liver of her husband. Naturally the case was talked about in Irumu and the guilty persons were placed behind lock and key. When the trial came, not a single culprit thought of telling a lie. They all believed they acted most justly.

But this concerns the Negroes who, of course, have other morals and customs than the pigmies, although these last have copied very much from the Negro. Chieftains in the true sense, as they are to be found in the Negro villages, are unknown among the pigmies. It is only the family which has a firm corporate existence. With this the nearest relatives associate themselves, and the oldest member then becomes the superior. It is he who decides when the camp is to be shifted and he who settles disputes. In short, he is the person whom the others respect.

Polygamy seems to be out of favor among these dwarfs. At any rate, polygamous men are rare among them which is a cause for real wonder in view of the fact that the Negroes in the neighborhood prefer polygamy. Nor can the reason for monogamy among these dwarfs lie in their poverty, since they do not purchase their wives but practise exchange marriage. A family which marries a girl into another family has the right to get a substitute young lady. Of course, the pigmy virgin does not permit herself simply to be bartered off like a goat. It is only when she is satisfied

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the young man who is offered that the deal can be put through.

Everywhere I was astonished at the large number of children in the pigmy camps, particularly since the Negroes of the primeval forest are so unprolific that many of the Negro tribes are dying out naturally. This is due to the fact that the pigmy women are very fertile, while the unblessed marriages of the Negroes must be attributed to the unfertility of their women. But since the Negroes are very fond of children, they even get over their dislike of the dwarfs, whom they do not consider human beings, in order to take themselves pigmy girls as wives. This practice is common. A woman is not a slave, not a beast of burden, in the pigmy family even though it is she who actually does most of the work. But her duties are imposed by housekeeping in so far as that can be spoken of at all. It is she who must mind the children, cook, seek food and build the hut. But as a reward she is in charge of the home and rules with an iron rod. Not only do the children depend upon her cooking but the husband does likewise.

Infant mortality is, understandably enough, very great, being caused by the very hard life which the dwarfs lead. We Europeans can form no idea of what this means. The swaddling clothes in which the newborn child is wrapt are leaves. Later on he sleeps in the beaten bark of a tree, or on branches beside his mother. He is carried along everywhere, is put down now here now there, as the mother busies herself digging up roots or performs other tasks. As soon as he can walk, he is left to take care of himself, accompanying either the men or the women on their journeys through the forest. He eats what he finds and what he is given. He wades, as do the grown-up people, through water and marsh, worms his way through thorny hedges and undergrowth, tramps on for whole days and is exposed to all sorts of bad weather. Nevertheless, the pigmy child always remains attached to its mother, and the greatest sign of affection which she can give, even to boys who are quite grown-up, when they have been absent for some time, is to give them her breast as she did when her child was a baby.

Only in one sense did the pigmies seem to me comparable with the dwellers in a modern metropolis. This is in their attitude toward religion. I lived among them for whole weeks and found no trace of a faith. They said no prayers, there was no trace of a cult or images associated with a cult in their houses, and I had already decided that at last I had come upon people which had no faith and no God. But I had been in total error. At the end of about a month the veil lifted and I learned that they did know a Supreme Being in which they believed and which they prayed to when they went on the hunt or in search of honey. To this Supreme Being they always made thank offerings. The practice of giving the first fruits and the first portion of honey and other bits as a sacrifice, I found flourishing among all the tribes. Yes, gradually, I also came to see something of their conceptions of the soul and the hereafter—conceptions which indeed sounded very strange but which were nevertheless present.

The results of the expedition were wholly satisfactory, especially since I had established contact with those missions which are active in the neighborhood of the pigmies and which are therefore in a position to undertake more profound studies of the dwarfs. My object was first of all to learn to know all the pigmy tribes, and this I accomplished. In connection with such study it was also necessary to examine into the neighboring Negro tribes, because they exert a certain influence upon the culture of the pigmies. I turned several thousand meters of film and made many hundred slides. In company with a very rich collection of museum objects, some of my phonograph records also reached home safely. But a bundle of them unfortunately fell a victim to the waters of the Congo.

DUBLIN DAYS

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE CAT lying on my arm-chair opens her eyes and makes a movement toward a shadow that is of a bird passing by. I recognize the motion: it was only the shadow of a thought, after all, that had come near me. So I put away my papers and go out into the day—November day in Dublin. And so into the barber's. My own slackness makes me sympathetic with the desultoriness of the conversation, with the casual comings and goings of the customers. An old priest is in the chair: the journeyman who attends him is silent and respectful. But now enters one who brings in an element of exuberance.

"How are you, Joe?" he says to the journeyman.

No sign of recognition is vouchsafed; the newcomer laughs easily and seats himself on the waiting-bench.

Then Joe says casually: "I have knowledge of you now." Indirectly he brings forth this knowledge.

"Is the fair on in Glasgow?" he asks.

The laughing man says, "I don't know about fairs."

But Joe goes on, "What have they been feeding you on since —Scotch collops?" And now he is through with his customer.

The old priest having gone to the door remarks, "My tram isn't coming yet."

He is evidently from the neighboring monastery; he would spend another while in social intercourse before going back to its silence.

"Where's the young lad who used to put on the lather?" he asks as he seats himself on the bench.

"He's gone home, Father."

"And where does he live?"

"In Clonmel."

"I suppose he has some years to serve yet?"

"Three years, Father."

"And I suppose you wouldn't let him shave anyone till his time is up?"

"No, Father; we wouldn't let him shave."

"But he might cut hair as well as put on lather?"

"Yes, we'd let him do that."

"Well, here's my tram. Good day to you."

So the old priest goes out and the hair-cutter has the man from Glasgow for a sitter. They are congenial spirits.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I was in Dunleary on Sunday," he tells the returned native, "and I saw a bird there, and, glory be to God, he had a beak like a corporation shovel."

The other tells about an adventure since his return. "We started from Connors in the pink, with enough good substance in us to prevent the dust from taking effect. You know who was with us, a young fellow named Hynes off-a Dorset Street, and there were two Frenchmen, the gamiest boys that ever rolled a hoop." This is the prelude to the adventure, but I have to leave before the main incident is unfolded.

My next distraction is in watching a rat disport himself. I have left the suburb, and going toward the hills have passed through a village. Where I stand by a bridge I can see a rat—a young one evidently—give himself exercise. He feels secure; he trundles himself up and down the ruts of the yard, obviously with zest and enjoyment. But I know that his every nerve is alert and that even while he plays his attention is heightened. There is something pathetic about this rat's pastime; there is no real abandonment to the game. Unlike the rabbit's, his is solitary play and is played amongst mean surroundings; he steals a bit of the joy of life as he would steal a bit of cheese. Now he receives some warning; he scuttles down a channel, and I go on my way.

Berries are on the hedges and birds are everywhere present. Blackbirds are plenty; wrens and redbreasts show themselves in the hedgerows. The starlings, banded together, seem to make migratory flights. The birds are silent. Suddenly the geese in a field lift up their wings and make a flight forward, their voices strident. Does this movement of wings come from a remembrance of migratory flights? In the old Irish poem about winter the flight of wild geese is mentioned as a sign of the season: "Wild geese cry over misty meadows."

November has its color. The elm trees, bare at the top, take the evening light; the beech trees that have kept fulness of leaves are masses of sun, not color. The shrunken sun, the heavy clouds, the cold light in the sky, give the evening an Arctic beauty. On the hills the brow of withered bracken goes with the dark green of low-lying furze. Under the heavy clouds the hills look black, and the little fields beside them are very green. There are pale fires where the furze is being burned. November has tone rather than color. Its tone is in its stillness. The cawing of a rook is as distinct as on a Sabbath day. "Shapes are shadows," says the old poem. The living thing is seen in outline.

Yes, and two worlds seem to be approaching each other at this season. The blackberries are still on the hedges, but their good, say the people, has gone into the other world. Tonight your dead may stand at your door, and last night, Hallow Eve, a young man or woman might have raised up the image of their sweetheart. In Irish tradition all mysterious and significant happenings take place in November. Probably, in the Druid mysteries, this month was thought of as marking an approach to an interior world. The bare earth, the leafless trees, the fading light, made that world less remote: the earth is passive, life and light are recessive, darkness is dominant. Perhaps the wild geese flying overhead, the swans lifting wide wings and departing, symbolize a movement into the interior world; it is summer there when it is winter with us.

If the earth is passive, the sky at night is dominant. November is the month of meteors. There are stars up to the very crown of the heavens: Algol, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, Cassiopeia, Cepheus—we may not be able to distinguish them; their names in Arabic and Greek are eloquent of splendor. Silence goes with the bare branches of the trees.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE COMMONWEAL AND LITERATURE

Denver, Colo.

TO the Editor: I begin with a compliment because what I purpose saying is extremely uncomplimentary. THE COMMONWEAL has the highest literary standards of any Catholic magazine in America. In particular, I would commend articles and reviews by Padraic Colum, Grenville Vernon, M. D. Zabel, George Dangerfield, R. Ellsworth Larsson and Dr. Speer Strahan. You have printed excellent articles by Henri Massis and Paul Valéry.

But since I intend being uncomplimentary, I shall take as apology a quotation from your editorial, "What Use Writing?", in the issue of August 26, 1931: " 'Criticism' taken by itself is useless. But when the critic is a realist—that means a man who describes things as they are, without prejudice or subservience —he is the only conceivable writer in the Catholic spirit." Criticism, as a rule, in THE COMMONWEAL, is not in the "Catholic spirit" for it does not "describe things as they are."

Mr. Frederic Thompson, your associate editor, in the issue of December 19, 1928, writes of what he terms "modernism" in the arts, that "the results of this attitude, the artless irregularities of verse libre and impressionistic prose, were simply catalogues of sensation. . . . Impressionism and all its offshoots must, in spite of all protest, find its canon of value in the artist, not as an artisan but as a character."

Mr. Thompson's statements are true of certain contemporary works and tendencies. But it is true of them only in as far as they are "bad art." The Catholic editors have conceived a picturesque spectacle of the Catholic *vs.* the world. Any work or any opinion achieving popularity or notoriety is said to represent the world. Consequently, in the name of the Faith, the Catholic attacks current generalizations, without any particular examination of the works themselves. For instance, Mr. Thompson writes of "the artless irregularities of vers(e) libre"; but he never states that the vers libre of W. C. Williams in his book "Sour Grapes," Ezra Pound in "Lustra," Yvor Winters in "The Proof"—these are a few examples—is a regular controlled meter, in each instance, by three of the most careful artisans living, and that the result is a fine quality of poetry. These men are "modernists." Was Mr. Thompson ignorant of this, did he overlook it, or did he conceal the fact?

The chief critics of Mr. Thompson's "modernist" school—T. S. Eliot, Yvor Winters, Ezra Pound, W. C. Williams, Allen Tate—find their "canon of value" not in the artist as character, but purely in his work, in the artist as artisan. Yet, in face of the facts, Mr. Thompson says otherwise. If Mr. Thompson was referring to the mere "hangers on" of these schools, he should have stated this, and stated further that "bad art" is at all times and all places the same.

I emphasize this quotation because Mr. Thompson is one of the more intelligent COMMONWEAL writers about critical theory and practice. To criticize such an article as "Concerning Catholic Poets," by David McAstocker, February 20, 1929, would only make one as asinine as the author. Again, it would be a waste of time to critize the numberless statements appearing in THE COMMONWEAL that are obviously confused and meaningless, such as Shaemas O'Sheel's: "At least he [Vachel Lindsay] is the perfect voice of the prairie" (July 22, 1931), when the "perfect voice of the prairie" is a meaningless phrase, and what it might possibly mean could not apply to Lindsay's artless disintegration.

But when an editorial, April 10, 1929, "Riot and Symmetry,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states, "[The modern experimentalist] set about his work by first throwing overboard the bulk of what acknowledged masters in the field can teach him," I must reply, pointing to the almost antiquarian researches of Ezra Pound, Igor Strawinsky and Pablo Picasso, in their several fields, "Your statement is patently untrue."

When an editorial, March 19, 1930, on the death of the late D. H. Lawrence, states that "the philosophies he sought out and labored to incorporate in his books aimed to abolish every vestige of restraint," we can answer that even a cursory reading of, say, Lawrence's "Pornography and Obscenity," or "Apropos Lady Chatterly's Lover," would show this statement to be the result of ignorance or deliberate falsehood. If THE COMMONWEAL is interested in an accurate criticism of Lawrence's ideas, I suggest that they reprint Mr. Eliot's review of a book on Lawrence, from the *Criterion* for July, 1931.

I applaud the editorial, August 13, 1930, entitled "Tripe," which speaks of the New York *Times's* "sometimes incredibly bad criticism of poetry. This last tumbles to a new nadir of tepid worthlessness in a recent issue, where a notice of Mr. Lahey's life of Gerard Manley Hopkins sums up more literary incompetence than one can find in the poorer college magazines." This is true. But it is a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

An article, September 10, 1930, by Molly M. Burke, on Gerard Hopkins, is very plainly a hack article of no value condensed from Father Lahey's life. But this book had been available for four or five months. Again, another article on Hopkins was composed of the correspondence with Newman, and was printed several weeks after the same material had been made available in the same form in Father Lahey's book. This is all the critical attention Hopkins received from THE COMMONWEAL.

Criticism and appreciation of Hopkins has been left to non-Catholic writers but good critics—Morris Schapes in *Symposium,* Hester Pickman in the *Hound and Horn,* Herbert Read in the *Criterion,* Malcolm Cowley in the *Herald Tribune,* and M. D. Zabel (if he is a Catholic) not in THE COMMONWEAL but in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.* These, among others.

Of Catholic critics, Mr. Shuster, the most eminent, has found that Hopkins will be remembered as the poet of Mary (cf. "Catholic Spirit in Modern Literature"), although his Marian poems are among his poorest. Joyce Kilmer's essay is worthless, except as publicity. The selections of Shane Leslie and Thomas Walsh in their anthologies of Catholic poetry contain not one of Hopkins's best pieces, except the "Windhover." This is shameless neglect. THE COMMONWEAL is the one magazine in which should have appeared a detailed poem by poem critical examination of Hopkins's work.

I have selected these few examples out of many in my notes to substantiate my claim that criticism in THE COMMONWEAL is not in the Catholic spirit, because it does not present things as they are. THE COMMONWEAL is not guilty of the sin against God and man committed by one of its Catholic contemporaries, and for this one is thankful. The magazine referred to, printed this year an article about James Joyce, which contained what my brother terms "two positively latrine comments": one referring to Mrs. Joyce, and the other to Miss Sylvia Beach, the publisher of "Ulysses." Whether the statements concerning Joyce were true or not, and I know some of them to be untrue, the article was written with calumnious intent and effect, and calumny is certainly an unpleasant sin.

What THE COMMONWEAL can be reproached with is that it offers the writer no critical basis for a Catholic literature, and offers no outlet for his product. Just as whatever is true is Catholic philosophy, so whatever is beautiful—in literature, well-written—is Catholic literature. The word "Catholic" means universal. Until Catholic canons of literary value are literary, and not propagandistic, we shall not have literature, let alone Catholic literature.

What the current Catholic attitude is, is well illustrated in an article, "Style and Story-telling," June 17, 1931, by Benedict Fitzpatrick. "When I was a boy," he writes, "I conceived a strong desire to write well. . . . [Books] tesselated my afternoon conversation and gesticulated in my nightly dreams. . . . What is called 'style' in literature often appears to be in good part the luxury of excess effort. It is something of primary interest to the literati most of all. It carries with it a suggestion of art for art's sake." The use of "tesselated" and "gesticulated" in the same sentence proves Mr. Fitzpatrick did not learn to write well. But his basic point is serious. He says, "style" is a luxury. "Style" is a sugar-coating, added to ideas to make them palatable. But, I say the "style" of a work *is* the work. "Style," I say, is integral. Could you rewrite "The Testament of Beauty," preserving the dictionary meaning of all the words, in blank verse—you would have destroyed the poem. For you have destroyed the style, and the meaning *is* the style —that is, the precise words used in their actual sequence— because any work of art is a concrete realization in a particular medium of a habit of soul. What is important, then, is not any amount of dogmatic statement abstracted from the text, but rather the complete work of art considered as an experience.

But Mr. Fitzpatrick's critical method is that commonly used by Catholic writers. They abstract from a poem, for example, a set of prose ideas. To these ideas certain tests for heresy are applied. If the ideas prove non-heretical, the poem is passed as "good"; if they prove heretical, the poem is "dangerous." And in all this they ignore the *quality* of the work.

Catholics sensitive enough to perceive the quality of a work, however, are found committing themselves to anti-Catholic sentiments. This is due to the lack of critical standards which it is the business of THE COMMONWEAL and other organs to formulate. To be particular, let me take Aline Kilmer's review of "West-Running Brook" by Robert Frost, in THE COMMONWEAL, February 20, 1929. Mrs. Kilmer objects to this book, which contains the finest poetry Frost has written, because, she writes: "The terror [of Frost's view of nature] is not delicious; it is too real to be so lightly enjoyed. We are awfully afraid. A pioneer with Frost's imagination would promptly have gone mad." Mrs. Kilmer disapproves of Frost's poetry, and her reason is that Frost has realized in act (in writing poetry which is an action) the basic Catholic metaphysical position. Her second reason is that Frost's poetry here is serious; it is not lightly to be enjoyed.

Catholic philosophers tell us that nature is the source of sensation; and he who gives way to pure sensation denies the soul, and invites madness. But Frost, in this poetry, by a willed effort, has asserted himself superior to sensation, to change, to flux. You will not find this assertion in anything said in the poems; it is only to be felt as a quality of the whole; it is in the "style." But Mrs. Kilmer has denied Frost's assertion of his spirituality by saying, "A pioneer with Frost's imagination would promptly have gone mad"; for she has ignored the assertion of the superiority of the soul to nature, that is, to the principle of flux, and, confusing his principle with the meaning of "nature" as vegetable and animal life, she has concluded that Frost as pioneer would go mad because he would see, quantitively, more "nature."

To those who consider literature as a pastime, or a means of propaganda, the above paragraph will seem mere word jug-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gling. But literature is serious, and judgments on it may have serious consequences. It should be perfectly apparent that nineteenth-century philosophy, and its concrete realization in literature, are chiefly responsible for the Great War and current international situations. An old motto in the classroom of the School for Scientific Police at the Palais de Justice, Paris, reads: "The eye sees in things only what it looks for, and it looks only for what is already in the mind." And men act only according to their habit of thought, and their habit of thought is best recorded and disciplined in the arts.

A great work of art is only the result of great moral qualities. To assess and recommend art for its value as art is the duty of a Catholic magazine. If THE COMMONWEAL could justify its advertisement, "The Commonweal and Books," which appeared in the issue of November 13, 1929, we would bring to it nothing but praise. This advertisement reads: "In its book review columns THE COMMONWEAL provides a guide that covers the field of the worth-while in philosophy, history, biography, economics, fiction, poetry and all the phases of current literature." As for economics, I know the statement to be laughably untrue. But let us stick to literature.

I will not name the absolutely worthless works that have been accorded space. THE COMMONWEAL has ignored the work of W. C. Williams, Allen Tate, Yvor Winters, Ezra Pound, Kenneth Burke, Katherine Anne Porter, Ernest Hemmingway, Wallace Stevens, Wyndham Lewis, D. H. Lawrence, among others. This represents a good deal of the serious talent in the English-speaking world. Referring to one of the best magazines published in America, THE COMMONWEAL, editorially August 12, 1931, says: "the *Hound and Horn,* America's limited-edition monthly." Here, in eight words, are two mistakes. The *Hound and Horn* is a quarterly. To my knowledge it has never been published in a limited edition. And the strange thing is that, despite the editorial sneer, more genuine Catholic literature appears in this magazine (although only a quarterly) than in THE COMMONWEAL. For example, did the editors overlook, in the issue criticized, Charles Du Bos's Catholic estimate of Baudelaire? But Mr. Shuster tells us that reading Baudelaire is sure sign of being a thin-chested dilettante.

Finally, what practical program do I offer for the accomplishment of my ideas and the reform of Christendom? Could THE COMMONWEAL offer that section of its magazine between the articles and "The Theatre" section (now devoted to "parlor essays") as a department for creative and critical work by younger Catholic authors, particularly from our Catholic colleges? Let it be edited by a younger writer, with final decision in all editorial matters resting, of course, with THE COMMONWEAL staff. I, myself, would gladly do it for office-boy wages.

If this is opposed, could THE COMMONWEAL sponsor a mimeographed magazine of this nature for us in English classes of Catholic colleges? The cost would be slight if a Catholic college would place a mimeograph at the magazine's disposal.

Some such project must be followed out, if my ideas are worth putting into practice. If it should be decided that they are not worth practice, I shall continue to harbor them in private, harboring also the conviction that the Catholic Action cry is just so much more modern boloney. I send this, half in resentment, somewhat in hope.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM.

Let me say first of all that receiving such criticism as Mr. Cunningham's is a really pleasant experience. His letter is far from resembling this kind of thing, to which as editors we have grown accustomed: "Dear Sir: On page 27 of your magazine, you say that Columbus discovered America. As a good Norwegian, who has always been taught the plain truth that the Vikings found our beloved continent, I am filled with rage and horror. Please stop sending your filthy publication!" And if I take the trouble to reply at length, it is because the issues raised are genuinely important—and, of course, because Mr. Cunningham is mistaken.

Youth is, first of all, a blessing on which I shall invoke no curse. But one can't help thinking that Mr. Cunningham's version of it is relatively naive. When, for instance, he advocates opening a department "for creative and critical work by younger Catholic authors," he echoes an ideal which has piously been kept aglow in our breast (editorially speaking) for the past six years. We have had these beardless youths from the age of fourteen upward, but the sum-total of their achievement would not have sufficed to fill Mr. Cunningham's department for one week. Perhaps the point can be made with a reference to the work of R. Ellsworth Larsson, whom I personally consider a poet worth Mr. Yvor Winters and Mr. Allen Tate rolled into one (which is perhaps a symptom of my advanced age). Well, we disposed here of six copies of Mr. Larsson's book, the other four having been purchased by the great American public, including Mr. Cunningham's youth movement. The conclusions are obvious: I shall gladly pay our critic office-boy's wages if he will unearth and present that of which he speaks—by which I mean not merely authors unable as yet to vote, but authors able to supply as good copy as the mediocre stuff we normally publish.

Mr. Cunningham's own youth reveals itself not merely in the frankness and charm with which he writes, but also in a certain characteristic haste with which he spurs on his logic. It is one of the curious phenomena of our time that people who can fathom the researches of Mr. Eliot and the symbols of Mr. Hart Crane (which seem to me tolerably difficult) are quite unprepared to handle simple and prosaic syllogisms. For example: the article on Father Hopkins by Molly M. Burke was not a hack condensation of the Lahey book, but a paper by an independent English worker sent to us before that book was even near publication: the Lahey article—a chapter from the book—was made available to us through the courtesy of the Oxford University Press, simultaneously with publication in the United States; and an article on Hopkins, utilizing the Lahey material, was promised me by no less a person than James Stephens (may the Lord torment his soul!). Then there is the case of Mrs. Kilmer. No doubt she would be the first person on earth to deny that a verdict on anybody's poetry, including Mr. Frost's, can be endowed with the finality of dogma. If there is any dependable assertion on earth, it is that Catholicism dictates no judgment on an American poet. But when Mr. Cunningham tells us that Mr. Frost's attitude to nature incorporates the "basic Catholic metaphysical position," he is talking through his hat. That is what Mr. Eliot says is the basic Catholic metaphysical position. But there are at least two moderately impressive authorities on the other side—the New Testament and Saint Francis. Finally, there is Mr. Fitzpatrick. I shall confess that his attitude toward literature is a little distressing to me personally. But it is the kind of attitude to be expected of the historical worker, the digger, and after all one does not like to think that such a man's remarks are utterly ruled out of a world dedicated to such matters as the greatness of Mr. Winters. Etc., etc.

In so far as my personal offenses are concerned, it may be well to say that the "Catholic Spirit in America" is the work of my own youth. There is much in it I should like to alter now, and which I may some time change. But after all the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sentiments regarding Father Hopkins were written at a time when Mr. Cunningham and the other moderns were still in swaddling clothes—a time when I was upbraided, in at least two letters, for having given so much space to an unintelligible nonentity like Hopkins and none at all to that charming poetess of modern New England, Mrs. Mortimer Measles. Nevertheless one thing may be added: in that book I tried not to be critical but interpretive. I sat down to tell the story of each writer in his own terms—to speak Thompsonially of Thompson and Chestertonially of Chesterton. In my overweening youthfulness, I imagined that a generation which professed to see clear through the mysteries of "H. D." and sundry other puzzles would grasp this fact without further telling. But of course people did not. And still do not. If I had to write that book over again, it should be prefaced with two pages in which the point would be advertised in 14-point, bold-faced Roman. Anyhow, I still think that the paragraph to which our correspondent objects was a pretty good summary of what Hopkins's position was at the time when I wrote.

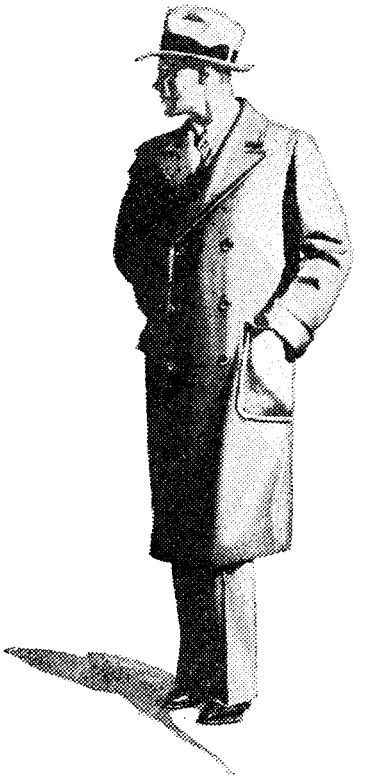
Two matters of greater importance must be stressed by way of a conclusion. The first is Mr. Cunningham's definition of Catholic literature: "Just as whatever is true is Catholic philosophy, so whatever is beautiful—in literature, well-written—is Catholic literature. The word 'Catholic' means universal." Whatever may be the correct answer to this difficult problem, it is certainly not this. Of course, if you define "true" and "beautiful" correctly, the conclusion is logical; but it has, historically speaking, always been a great deal easier to define "Catholic." The question cannot be settled here, but I think that anybody who takes the trouble to study Von Hügel—the best indirect commentary on the subject—with some care will see, at least, how "costing" the effort to settle this problem must be. After a decade, I am sure that no easy generalization will do.

All of which sounds a little hard on Mr. Cunningham. And it would be ignoring the value of his letter not to say here that in several respects his criticism is justified. THE COMMONWEAL, for various reasons, has been far from able to handle the program it had set for itself. We are out of touch with much of importance, and sometimes short of legitimately expected sympathy. The primary reason is possibly that a small group of editors, each necessarily especially interested in his or her favorite subject, must confess to inability to live up to Mr. Cunningham's definition of the word "Catholic." We are perennially grateful, therefore, for hints, suggestions, criticisms, offerings. The paper ought to be representative. While it does not aspire to become an "advanced" literary quarterly (parting shot—the term "limited-edition" as applied to the *Hound and Horn* was supposed to imply quality, refinement, out-of-the ordinaryness, a point which really should have been obvious to the successful interpreters of Mr. Eliot), it wants to foster no distinctions but to achieve distinction. Wherefore we await the storm battalions of Mr. Cunningham's youth!

G. N. S.

P. S. Mr. Thompson has asked me to append, on his behalf, that he was only paraphrasing in polysyllables the simple and realistic axiom that the good tree will bring forth good fruit, and that he wonders what, if not that, Mr. Cunningham means by the doctrinaire observations in the latter part of his letter: ". . . men act only according to their habit of thought, and their habit of thought is best recorded and disciplined in the arts. A great work of art is only the result of great moral qualities." Further, as regards where vers libre ceases being vers libre and becomes "regular controlled meter," Mr. Thompson suspects that ignorance is the farthest from folly.

ALTMAN
Young Men's Clothing



If you wear sizes 35 to 40 —you will find here values that cannot be denied!

Overcoats

Fine, all-wool fleeces that insure long satisfactory wear—styled in the popular double-breasted, half-belted model with deep satin lining. Oxford or brown. **$29**

MEN'S OXFORDS

Tan or Black—Several Models ***Very Unusual at*** **$7.75**

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING — SIXTH FLOOR

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE at 34th STREET

"Choose Altman Clothing with Confidence"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Brief Moment

WOULD that "Brief Moment" were briefer still! It is a distinct disappointment to find S. N. Behrman, the author of that highly promising Theatre Guild success, "The Second Man," indulging in a platitudinous discussion of the affairs of highly uninteresting people. Mr. Behrman has a real aptitude for sharp incisive and revealing dialogue, but in the present play he does not make best use of his talents.

He is describing the early married days of a rich young man, with no special occupation, and a talented cabaret singer. This girl, as played by Francine Larrimore, has many interesting possibilities. She is very adaptable and thoroughly sincere, but rather easily led astray through her lion-hunting tendencies, once she becomes a rich hostess. Her husband, however, as played by a young English actor named Robert Douglas, is one of the most impossibly dull, self-centered and humorless characters with which the stage has been afflicted for some time. He is hardly worth the efforts which his wife makes to draw him out of himself and into a life of wider human contacts. He is obsessed with the idea of his own failure and mediocrity, is anxious to do nothing but withdraw into the shell of his own existence, and the outgoing tendencies of his wife simply annoy him beyond words and drive him to senseless jealousy. He is thoroughly aware before his marriage that his wife has had a love affair with a nameless man. When that man accidentally comes back into her life, the husband is quite unable to give his wife the measure of trust she deserves. All in all, he is a startling exhibit of the type of person who finds the highest egotistical satisfaction in an alleged sense of inferiority.

Now the simple truth is that you cannot take dull and uninteresting and unimportant people of the type of this man and make a really interesting play about them. You have no sympathy with his alleged troubles and when his wife returns to him in the last act, you simply wonder what else, short of a strong sense of duty, could make her want to see the situation through. He shows no signs of wanting to emerge from his circle of self-interest. There is no sense of a half-way meeting ground between the two. In other words, the play ends with neither accomplishment nor the rumor of accomplishment.

I must admit, however, that a considerable part of the irritation which the character of this man produces is due to the inadequate performance of Robert Douglas. He is one of that singularly annoying group of younger English actors who affect an exaggerated and throaty enunciation, swallowing half their words, and confining their idea of acting to a ramrod stiffness under all circumstances. Their English is a sort of hybrid concoction which is neither the speech of a cultured Englishman nor the full affectation of those who imitate the Oxford accent. It is something peculiar to the particular generation of English actors since the war. The same is true of the general manner which goes with this speech. I can imagine Alfred Lunt playing the part of the husband and giving the impression of some inner struggle and torture. Mr. Lunt might even invest the part with a certain ironic humor. Mr. Douglas simply makes the young man an impossible cad, so interested in himself that no one else has a chance to be interested in him.

In general, the play is many degrees below "The Second Man," not only through its lack of interest and characterization, but also through a much freer use of cheap wise-cracking dialogue. The well-known device of a confidential friend of the husband is introduced and the character of this friend provides a vehicle for the first appearance of Alexander Woollcott as a professional actor. Mr. Woollcott manages, of course, to make himself personally very amusing. In his bored cynicism and his expansive sloth, he simply revels in the rôle of a detached commentator on the foibles of all other human beings.

In general, the play is rather a mess of stereotyped plot concerning "the woman with a past" and has little to recommend it either in originality of approach or in entertaining exposition. The part of the wife might have been a very interesting study of what Mr. Behrman is careful to call in the play "the complete extrovert"—one who finds her chief joy in the personal contacts of life rather than within her own mental circle. But to have such a character really interesting demands a surrounding atmosphere of subtlety, grace and carefully drawn contrast. This the present play does not provide. In consequence, it makes a rather slow and dull evening which ends up approximately where it begins. If it were well done, the play would logically center around the husband, as Mr. Behrman's earlier play centered around the dual personality of the "second man." As it is, the only real interest is provided by the individual characterizations of Miss Larrimore and Mr. Woollcott, or perhaps we should say around the characterization of Miss Larrimore and the appearance in person of Mr. Woollcott. (At the Belasco Theatre.)

The Monologues of Cornelia Otis Skinner

I HAVE had so many occasions in this column to dwell on the great artistry of Otis Skinner, particularly in such rôles as Falstaff, that before discussing the work of another member of this talented family, a discreet word might be in order to the effect that there is no family tie or relationship between the present reviewer and the dean of American actors! I hope that, if there were any relationship, it would not influence my feelings in any way, but I mention this solely because I want my frequent tributes to Otis Skinner's work to be taken at their fullest value. The same thought applies to certain features of Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner's achievement in a field that has hitherto been filled entirely by Miss Ruth Draper.

Miss Skinner is now following Ruth Draper's recent plan of giving an entire evening's entertainment consisting of dialogues, written by herself, and short character sketches. Her present program is divided into two parts, the first consisting of unrelated character sketches and the second of a series of character portraits in costume of the six unhappy wives of Henry VIII.

Very frankly, I do not feel that Miss Skinner has succeeded in attaining in the individual character sketches either the personal variety or the compelling dramatic structure of Miss Draper's work. Ruth Draper has no age and no character of her own, once she steps upon the stage. She becomes fully and completely the character she is impersonating, throwing herself as easily into the inner feeling of a woman of sixty as into the scatter-brain emotions of a debutante. Her work has a touch of such undeniable genius that the standard of comparison she sets up is a severe handicap to anyone else attempting the same work. Moreover, Miss Draper is a dramatist of extraordinary skill. Every line in her monologues is revealing not only of the character speaking, but of all other characters in the room. Miss Skinner's preliminary sketches lack some of this internal dramatic structure and her own performance of them, although competent and charming, is untouched by anything that can be called genius. She has a facile power of mimicry and considerable breadth of emotional range. She is never, in any sense, inadequate to the task she sets herself. But she never quite succeeds in creating that supreme quality of illusion which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes one forget the actress entirely and lose one's self in the drama being played.

In the series of full costume sketches of "The Wives of Henry VIII," on the other hand, Miss Skinner departs entirely from the Draper technique and achieves something of real importance in her own right. The sketches are merely revealing moments in the lives of Henry's successive consorts. We see Catharine of Aragon conversing with Anne Boleyn, then with some of her Spanish supporters at the court, and lastly with the king himself. Next we see Anne Boleyn, herself, beautiful in the dark simplicity of her costume, as she is about to go from the Tower of London to the executioner's block. We then see the simple and fragile Jane Seymour, utterly tactless in her relations with Henry, yet charming withal. After this, we get a view of Anne of Cleves, "the Flanders Mare," as she was called, at the time of her first meeting with the disappointed Henry. We then have a glimpse of Katheryn Howard at the moment when Cranmer discovers her in a secret meeting with Thomas Culpepper. Last of all, we glimpse Katherine Parr, soothing the diseased-ridden Henry on what proves to be his death-bed.

Both in the writing of these sketches, which are extraordinary in their compactness and for their revelation of character, and in the acting, Miss Skinner reaches a real height of dramatic intensity. Her personal transformation from character to character is incredibly complete and subtle. I have rarely seen as brilliant and intuitive an acting impersonation as this entire group of sketches. It has, as I have said, the advantage of being quite distinct from anything which Ruth Draper has attempted and thus gives Miss Skinner a chance to create in her own right without the odium of comparison. But even if there were a comparison available, I am sure that Miss Skinner's performance would measure up to the highest standard set. If there is little evidence of genius in her unrelated character sketches, there is something very close to genius in her concept of this group of women and in the way in which she has brought them vividly and unforgetably before us. It seems to indicate that the future emphasis of Miss Skinner's public appearances should be in the line of just such groupings of character with inherent dramatic contrasts. I can think of no more refreshing form of entertainment than an entire evening devoted to the presentation of such brief portraits of many of the famous women of history, of Catherine de Medici, for example, or of Josephine Bonaparte, or even of the more obscure wives of the world's great men—of women, that is, through whose eyes we can glimpse the human frailties of the great.

In general, the forms of entertainment devised by Miss Draper and Miss Skinner serve admirably to illustrate the very essence of the theatre's spell—illusion. They summarize completely that strange alchemy by which audience and actors combine to create the real from the unreal. Both of these artists can evoke from an empty stage a whole gallery of living figures, people who, though unseen, are intimately felt and understood. The audience shares in creating this magic. It is the imagination of the watchers which clothes the empty air with images and fills it with voices. But the impulse which stirs this imaginative response comes from the actor, who is also dramatist and mime. Miss Skinner is perhaps more of an impersonator than Miss Draper, and from this fact springs the singular richness of her costume sketches. Miss Draper remains supreme as dramatist and as one whose character transformation comes entirely from within. We are singularly blessed in having two artists whose powers balance so evenly at opposite ends of a scale. (At the Avon Theatre.)

The Editors of

THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

are happy to announce that their December selection is

OUR CHANGING THEATRE

by R. DANA SKINNER

As its title indicates, it is a book of great contemporary interest, and is important not alone because of its subject matter, but because it is one of the first times that the Broadway world will learn how it impresses an urbane Catholic critic.

We feel sure that our members will especially enjoy this book, which although written in the language of today, appreciates age-old values.

Let us start YOUR subscription with this month's selection, and then continue with eleven more examples of outstanding Catholic literature. Or, if you prefer, write to us for further information, and we shall gladly send our illustrated folder.

But please do not hesitate to tear out and mail this coupon to us RIGHT NOW!

CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB, INC.
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

☐ For $25 enclosed enter my subscription for one year (12 books).

☐ For $4 enter my subscription. I promise to pay $4 a month for six more months for a total of 12 books.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEXT WEEK

MEXICO UNDER OBSERVATION, by James A. Magner, has that delightful balance, or reasonableness, that is immediately appealing and excites a hopeful positive impulse. With a sure touch, it exposes the wellsprings of human actions that may be different from what our own would be, with an understanding that promotes sympathy. The colors of diversity, of exotic and indigenous culture, are seen to be matters not for controversy but for appreciation and preservation. . . . OUR ORDERLY NOVELISTS, by Francis X. Connolly, is a pleasantly literary disquisition on a tendency in modern literature, characteristic perhaps of modern social tendencies, to develop types rather than characters. "We are adept," he says, "in discussing the crowd, the average, but we have few examples, outside the novels of Miss Cather and possibly Mrs. Wharton, of successful presentation of the personality." Mr. Connolly's explanation for this will no doubt be a surprise for many. . . . "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us," familiar conclusion to the prayer that is daily on the lips of millions throughout the world, is the eloquent witness of the decision of a council of the Church held 1300 years ago, which is described with its extraordinary details in EPHESUS, by Joseph M. Egan. . . . MECHANICS AND PHILOSOPHERS, by Vincent Engels, questions whether the deification and personalization of machines is not a fancy of literary persons totally unfamiliar with machinery yielding mixed wonder and amusement to the man who knows and works with machinery. . . . AMERICA WET, by Frederic Damrau, a comparison of alcoholic diseases and death under United States prohibition and Canadian liquor control, scheduled for this week, has for several necessities been held over to whet your appetite for next week.

BOOKS

Rebel: Born and Made

Frank Roney, Irish Rebel and California Labor Leader: An Autobiography; edited by Ira B. Cross. Berkeley, California: University of California Press. $5.50.

RONEY (1841-1925) had a curious career. In the eyes of successful men, he was a failure: he joined lost causes, fought for the working classes before labor was organized, spent his earnings as a molder in organizing activities, avoided political alliances, refused a directorship in a Nebraska railroad because of disapproval of its method of financing and saw his substitute become a multimillionaire, fought radicalism in labor, and died in obscure poverty without the gratitude of the class for whom he sacrificed and quite forgotten by a newer generation of labor leaders.

Born in Belfast, he was by birth and training a rebel. His father was a Catholic, an organizer of the first carpenter's union and a Repealer, while his mother was a convert and the daughter of John Thompson, a Republican and a rigid Presbyterian hater of the Orange Society. Educated by Ellis, an unfrocked Anglican minister who hated English rule and the English Church of which he inconsistently remained a member, Roney became a fiery Republican and an ardent worker among the poor through the recently established St. Vincent de Paul Society. Apprenticed as a molder, he became a labor organizer, joined the Fenians and was installed as "first Center" in Ulster by James Stephens. An associate of the chief Fenians, he went as a delegate to Paris where he temporarily joined the Carbonari. Ecclesiastical hostility to the Fenians apparently drove him out of the Church. Freed from Mountjoy Gaol on condition that he ship for America, Roney landed in New York where he prepared the local Fenians for the arrival of other Irish rebels. He, however, opposed the invasion of Canada, and though a member of various Irish secret societies, ceased his agitations on becoming an American citizen.

As a molder, Roney worked in foundries of St. Louis, Chicago, Omaha and Salt Lake City. In America, he was startled on finding poverty, hostility of laboring men to unionism, and political corruption such as he had never witnessed in Ireland. As early as 1869, he urged in the *Workingman's Advocate* a program of unionism based upon trades which a score of years later was accepted. In Nebraska he was a leader in the futile National Labor Reform party and conducted a successful controversy with James Morton (later in Cleveland's Cabinet) in the Omaha *Herald*. As he was not naturalized, he refused an election to the legislature where he might have voted against the Fourteenth Amendment. In charge of a shop in Salt Lake City, the Mormon workmen struck against a gentile boss, but he succeeded by importing mechanics at a higher wage. On the whole he got on well with the Latter Day Saints, though he could not understand their reputation for temperance in the light of their home-brewing proclivities.

In San Francisco, Roney worked as a molder in commercial shops and at Mare Island save for interims when he was blacklisted as an organizer. He was an opponent of Dennis Kearney and "sand-lotism," for he was tolerant of the Chinese save for their acceptance of low wages. Though for a time a Socialist, he was not a radical. Repressive measures drove him into an office in the Workingmen's party of California which for a time held the balance of power. As the importer of the boycott, as the organizer of the laundry workers, the coopers, can-makers, the molders, shoemakers, seamen, and brewery work-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers, as the vice-president of the International Molders, as a promoter of the American Federation of Labor, and as a supporter and writer for the labor press, Frank Roney was not beloved by capitalists and employers. No office-seeker, he was above bribes. He lived on his own scant earnings and he devoted his time to the cause. Too confident of his righteousness and the value of his own views, he had endless conflicts with laborites.

Professor Ira Cross of the University of California, long a student of labor problems, sought out Roney and finally urged him to write his life's story. After tedious delays due to poverty, unemployment and illness, the manuscript was almost completed when death silenced the old agitator. This manuscript Professor Cross has edited with the painful care deserved by such a contribution to the study of labor.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

A Jew's Soul

Job: The Story of a Simple Man, by Joseph Roth. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THE TITLE of Mr. Roth's dramatic novel is supremely well chosen, for the hero, Mendel Singer, a ghetto Jew in old Russia, was, like his biblical prototype, a simple man "ordinary and entirely commonplace. . . . He practised the simple profession of a teacher . . . [instructing] children in the knowledge of the Bible. . . . True, his life was always hard and at times even a torment to him. A wife and three children had to be clothed and fed," and a fourth child was on the way. "God had given fertility to his loins, equanimity to his heart, and poverty to his hands." Despite this, "every morning Mendel thanked God for his sleeping, for his awakening, and for the dawning day. When the sun went down he said his prayers once again. When the first stars began to sparkle, he prayed for the third time, and before he layed himself down to sleep, he whispered a hurried prayer, with tired but zealous lips."

Mendel was indeed a pious Jew with surpassing faith; so much so that when his fourth offspring, Menuchim, an idiot, was declared curable if sent to a hospital, Mendel said, "No doctor can cure him, if God does not will it." Mendel's afflictions increased. First, his two eldest sons reached the age of conscription, a cause for great tribulation; and while one of them, Jonas, agreed to serve in the czar's army, Sam was smuggled out of the country, at length arriving safely in America. Several years later, Mendel was stunned on discovering his daughter, Miriam, in the arms of her Cossack lover. Thereupon, he spent the entire night in synagogue pounding his breast in prayer, and, at dawn, returning home, he announced to his wife, Deborah, that they would go to America. Sam sent the necessary money, and Mendel, Deborah and Miriam set out, leaving Menuchim behind with responsible friends.

But misfortune suddenly descended upon the world. War was declared, America entered, Sam enlisted and was one of the first fatal casualties. The sudden shock killed Deborah. Eight days later Miriam went stark mad. The swift series of calamities was beyond Mendel's endurance. He was a changed man; he no longer prayed; he even taunted his God by his ungodly ways.

The following spring, when Mendel was partaking of the Passover feast with his friends, an unexpected guest arrived. He was a conductor of a Russian orchestra touring America and had come to see Mendel, explaining he had news of Menuchim. Gradually he related the tale of his own life: his illness as a child, his inability to speak, the sudden cure in a hospital, the discovery of a musical talent, his rise as a leader of a mili-

Gift Books

THE PUBLIC LIFE
of Our Lord Jesus Christ
By Alban Goodier, S.J.

Demi-octavo. 2 vols. $7.50.

"No book by Archbishop Goodier, least of all this his masterpiece, should be missed by the devout . . . To show forth Jesus Christ as He looked to the blind Jews, to the half-seeing disciples, and then to the wide-opened eyes of Peter and John; to reveal Him as more than the 'Model of Manhood,' as Deity Incarnate; to contemplate His journeys, His miracles; to compare His doings and sayings with Old Testament prophecies; to describe the majesty and the nearness which cannot be defined; to feel the inadequacy of praise, and yet to chant what cannot be repressed—this is the aim and spirit of these two large beautifully written volumes."—*The Catholic World.*

THE LIFE OF
St. Francis de Sales
By Rev. Harold Burton

Octavo. 2 vols. 893 pages. Indexed. Insert map of France and Switzerland.
$7.50
(Former price $12.50)

This complete, comprehensive Life of one of the Church's most beloved saints has been universally accepted by authorities as a superior biography. It is based on the French of Abbé Hémon. It is a biography of depth, breadth, and vision, depicting the saint in all the rich colors of his own character as well as those of his exciting environment. This is a splendid opportunity to purchase a standard work at a great saving.

THE LIFE OF
St. Robert Bellarmine
By James Brodrick, S.J.

With an Introduction by Cardinal Ehrle, S.J. Two Volumes. Demi-Octavo. 1,100 pages. 44 gravure illustrations. Per set $10.00.

This remarkable biography, the result of intense research, places Bellarmine in his true historical perspective. It shows his vast influence on the work of the Counter-reformation and also the lovableness of his character and his zeal for the glory of God which we know of through his letters.

NEW KENEDY CATALOGUE
containing a list of the Catholic books of all publishers free on request

P. J. KENEDY & SONS
44 Barclay Street New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
EL dorado 5-1058

Madonna House Benefit Shop

Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side
QUEENSBORO BRIDGE MARKET
59th Street and First Avenue
Telephone VO lunteer 5-3123

We Need
Furniture
House Furnishings
Clothing

A truck will call for anything you do not want.
Help the victims of the unemployment situation!

MADONNA HOUSE
169-175 Cherry Street New York City

College of
St. Elizabeth

FULLY accredited and recognized Catholic College for women, offering A.B., B.S. degrees. Also Teacher-training and Home Economics courses. Beautiful 400 acre wooded campus, one hour from New York. Attractive residence halls. All indoor and outdoor sports and social activities. For catalog and view book, write, Dean, Box K, Convent Station, N. J.

The Great New Catholic Biography

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Author of "Francois Villon," "King Spider," etc.

CHARLES OF EUROPE

A BRILLIANT scholarly portrait of Emperor Charles V, of the Holy Roman Empire, one of that great triumvirate including Francis I and Henry VIII which held the destiny of Western Europe. A glamorous picture of the Renaissance, and an important blending of history, religion and biography. *Published jointly with E. V. Mitchell.*

$5.00 Illustrated COWARD-McCANN, 425 Fourth., N. Y.

tary band and ultimate success in foreign capitals. At last he disclosed that he was Menuchim, and Mendel was overcome with joy. A miracle had occurred. And certainly his cure and subsequent success could be accepted as nothing short of a miracle. Aside from this, Menuchin's arrival at the Passover feast appears strangely like a mediaeval miracle-play, and tends to strain the credulity of the reader.

Obviously, the author having chosen for his novel the framework of the Book of Job, these incidents fitted neatly into the pattern; and the whole is saved from melodrama by the sheer artistry of treatment. Mr. Roth has written a simple, tender, poignant and tragic novel, with restraint and dignity befitting its biblical counterpart.

MAXIM LIEBER.

Synthesis

The Adventure of Mankind, by Eugen Georg; translated by Robert Bek-Gran. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

IN A POORLY edited translation of one of the most stimulating books of the new Germany is set forth a panoramic description and interpretation of world cultures. They range from humanity's pre-lunar catastrophes to the apocalyptic adventures of future hegemonic man.

This is a brave and daring attempt: the first concise synthesis of its kind. Of course it runs the risks that are met by every revolutionary effort to aid human thought. Critics may point out flaws which may lessen the general importance attributed to the book. Perhaps the author has trodden dangerous ground in summoning to his aid a seemingly large amount of traditional and of psychic material. But he evinces enough of the scientific spirit to discard quackery; and, while retaining qualities which might entitle him to be called a mystic, he has developed a thesis sound enough to justify weightier criticism than he is likely to receive.

He admits historionomy; dislikes causality; and regrets the "Greek gift" of scientific technology which eventually will react hotly against a dangerous deification of present values. He foresees a new "universal culture" epoch to evolve into a future equilibrium of spiritual and economic values, and into a new understanding and mastery of cosmic and telluric sequences.

In writing a book which may be largely understandable to college graduates and instructors, Eugen Georg has performed a more practical service than have Spengler and Friedell. Despite more or less apparent deficiencies, for a long time to come it will make excellent reading for every student of cultural history.

LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN.

In the Pyrenees

Basque People, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE PEOPLE of the Basque country are among the unique of the globe. Dorothy Canfield has lived with them and schooled her children there. Her tales of these people stem from first-hand observation, from the point of view of an outsider, on the inside, looking out. She writes of these people, primitive to the machine civilization, with freshness and warmth of understanding.

"Basque People" is more than a collection of stories; it contains the delineation of a race. The Basques have never migrated. It matters not to this race of the Pyrenees, that half their racial province is parted by the frontier of Spain and France. The Basque custom and language dominate, sustained

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a stout pride in their civilization. It is characteristic that they are but slightly conscious of the frontier. A tale points this indifference to the frontier in a native's clash with a French revenue officer.

These tales are rich in simple character and reveal the Basque's attitude to the world at large. It is pity just short of contempt. The Basque feeling for his own soil is all-embracing. A town suffers from disaster and the first act of the council is to replace the marionettes of an elderly showman. A native returns fleshy and worldly and is a figure of scorn. To the Basque the rest of the world is soft and this concept is in the background of nearly all the tales. Still, a Basque is susceptible, for the daughter of the worldly returned native charms a youth to folly. Then there is a New England school teacher who discovers ancestry with the Basque; and a native teacher, a more self-conscious type, who attempts to order the lives of her people. These sketches, with the colorful primitive background, have the true charm of well-rounded character drawing. Such excellent characterizations, free of sentimentality, provide a book of uncommon interest, aside from the fascination of the picturesque Basque locale.

EDWIN CLARK.

Youth Sanely Considered

Piloting Modern Youth, by William S. Sadler and Lena K. Sadler. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $3.50.

MONTH after month new books on the problems of youth, especially on psychology and psychiatry make their appearance. They seem to be much in demand. By far the most of these books are of such a nature that it makes one pity the children who will be ruined by their guidance. The present book is an exception at least in part. Its authors do not rashly overthrow good and well-established customs, nor do they unhesitatingly adopt all the finding of Freudians and behaviorists. Their conclusions are generally eminently sane; no doubt, in consequence of an extensive and long experience with all kinds of youngsters. Of their sincerity no doubt need be entertained.

Whilst this is true as far as the first twenty-two chapters are concerned, an exception must be made with regard to the last four in which the authors discuss the sexual, moral and religious aspects of youth. These chapters will elicit much adverse criticism from all but the most "modern" child guiders.

Throughout the book, its authors deny the existence of original sin, the permanency of the moral law, whether natural or divine, the absolute freedom of the will, and the absolute necessity of divinely revealed dogmas in religion. Moreover, they presuppose that man began to exist in the lowest state of mental, moral and social culture, instead of being created but a little below the angels, and that civilization is not relative. It is definitely stated that the conscience is but an inferiority complex: "a state of the mind that tells us always to do right, but never what is right." Also that "it is a truth that our religion is (essentially) evolutionary and still in the making." No doubt, the authors refer to all man-made religions since it would be impossible to say this about the divinely revealed religion. All the above-mentioned denials, suppositions and statements have no foundation in facts. The truths they oppose are the common possession of Christianity. They have never been disproved but have always been supported by true science and research.

With these reservations in mind, the book may be read with profit by discriminate readers, but many of the works found in the attached bibliography are not worthy of a recommendation.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

THE PRESIDENT AND FACULTY
OF FORDHAM UNIVERSITY
Invite You to Attend the
FALL SESSION OF
UNIVERSITY CONFERENCES
"The Spiritual Life of the Church"
By REV. FRANCIS E. KEENAN, S.J.
Professor of Theology, Woodstock College
Sunday, November 22.—"The Spiritual Life in Its Foundations"
Sunday, November 29.—"The Spiritual Life in Its Organization"
Sunday, December 6.—"The Spiritual Life and External Religion"
FORDHAM UNIVERSITY CHURCH
FORDHAM ROAD AT THIRD AVENUE
Conferences at Four P. M. No Tickets Required
Special Musical Program

To the Faithful of the Archdiocese of New York
A LASTING REMEMBRANCE
The Framing of Your Perpetual Membership Certificate
or That of Your Dear Departed
Will Be a Remembrance of Your Charity to Catholic Missions
and Also of the Spiritual Benefits From the Masses,
Prayers, and Good Works of Over 65,000 Missionaries.
Perpetual Membership $40.00
Framing 1.00
We Also Remind You to Mention Our Charity in Your Will
The SOCIETY For the PROPAGATION of the FAITH
462 Madison Ave., N. Y. City (Cor. E. 51st St.)
Phone—PLaza 3-4476
Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, D.D., V.G. Chairman
Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell Director

Century Catholic College Texts
AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY OF THE FAMILY
By
EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B., Ph.D.
This is a clear-sighted and thoughtful examination of the chief findings of modern social science in regards to the family, written from the Christian viewpoint. It discusses in detail the integration, disintegration, and reintegration of the family.
Octavo, 384 pages. $2.50.
READINGS ON THE FAMILY
Edited by EDGAR SCHMIEDELER
A compilation of 43 articles by competent Catholic and non-Catholic authorities, treating practically every phase of family life and presenting the scientific-sociological and religious points of view. Intended to supplement AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY OF THE FAMILY.
Octavo, 525 Pages. $2.75.
THE CENTURY CO.
353 Fourth Avenue NEW YORK
2126 Prairie Avenue CHICAGO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

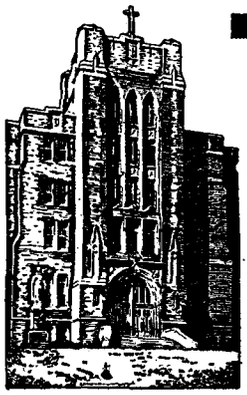
National Catholic **CONVERTS LEAGUE** 865 Fifth Av. New York City

Free Reference and Circulating Library
Reading Room, All Enquirers Welcome
10 A.M. to 7 P.M. except Saturday and Sunday
Booklet descriptive of the Plans and Purposes of the League will be mailed without cost upon request.

IRISH HAMS AND BACON

Wiltshire Hams and Bacon
German Frankfurters
Westphalian Hams

M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK



MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON
NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The school that emphasizes character and health in a truly Catholic atmosphere.
Definite preparation for a career in college, business, art, music. Scholastic standards accredited by the University of the State of New York.
Modern fireproof buildings. Sixty-five-acre campus. High altitude.
New gymnasium; athletic field.
Illustrated booklet upon request.
Sisters of St. Dominic

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc.

66 Fifth Avenue at 12th Street

Largest and Choicest Stock of Good Second-hand and Out-of-Print Books on all Subjects.
Rare, Old and Curious Books.
Fine Sets, Choice Bindings, First Editions.
Americana and Autographs.
Reasonable Prices. Catalog free.
Open until 10 p. m.

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Briefer Mention

Edmund Burke: A Biography, by the Reverend Robert H. Murray. New York: The Oxford University Press. $4.75.

FEW MEN deserve a better biography than does Edmund Burke, and there have been several good books about him. Unfortunately most of the recent ones—that is, those issued since the appearance of Macknight's three-volume life—have been *plaidoyers* for and against certain principles sponsored by the great Irishman. Dr. Murray endeavors to supply a complete, up-to-date book in which both facts and hypotheses are appropriately labeled. It is a straight and substantial volume, making no concessions to modern twang and glamor. The amount of information from which it visibly draws is impressively large, few aspects of the complicated background having been missed by the careful scrutiny of this student. In tone Dr. Murray's book is liberal, though it has been written without much understanding of Catholic Ireland. As a study of Burke it is a well-digested and intelligent compendium of fact and doctrine.

A History of Indian Literature, by Herbert H. Gowan. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $4.00.

INTEREST in India tends, as Dr. Gowan states, "to obscure for us the essential spirit of that India which has for at least thirty centuries been continuously productive of an extraordinary and significant literature." He has therefore provided a survey of the literature, competently classified and discussed. It is, perhaps, the first volume of its kind which the average intelligent reader can follow, if not with ease then at least without the constant feeling that his lack of knowledge is too great to permit of understanding the subject. Thus has a really good scholar managed to serve the public well. But whether the literature of India can ever really be of vital moment to a great number of English readers is another matter regarding which one hesitates to express an opinion. Rightly considered, much of it is of permanent spiritual and philosophical value; some of it is beautiful; and as a whole it is informative about a culture which has greatly concerned the world and which may be of tremendous importance again.

Editor's Note: An unfortunate error occurred in the advertising section of THE COMMONWEAL *of November 25, on the back cover, in that Professor C. R. Morey, head of the department of art and archaeology at Princeton University, was called a "curator of the Lateran Museum." Professor Morey is editor of the catalogue of the Museo Cristiano of the Vatican Library.*

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS is the author of "Christian Ethics."

SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS, a Dominican Sister, teaches philosophy at Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.

MONSIGNOR J. B. DUDEK is chancellor of the Diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa.

ANNE YOUNG is a New York poet.

REV. PAUL SCHEBASTA, S.V.D., is one of the editors of *Anthropos*. From the monastery of St. Gabriel, Moedling, Austria, he set out on these voyages of exploration among primitive peoples which have added so much to the world's knowledge.

PADRAIC COLUM, an Irish poet, is the author of many books of which the latest are "Orpheus," "Old Pastures" and "Cross Roads in Ireland."

RICHARD J. PURCELL is professor of history in the Catholic University of America.

MAXIM LIEBER is an author's agent and a literary critic.

LLOYD W. ESHLEMAN is a writer of reviews and critical articles.

EDWIN CLARK contributes general literary criticism to several contemporary periodicals.

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M.Cap., whose works include "Boy Guidance" and "Boyleader's Primer," is the director general of the Catholic Boys Brigade of the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED